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Collectanea Fidei Typographica

CORK 1832







NOTED  
1877

A NEW EDITION  
OF  
**TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN'S**  
Commonly called  
**TAIDHAG GOADHLACH'S,**  
**PIOUS MISCELLANY.**

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ENLARGED, IMPROVED, AND CORRECTED.

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WITH  
**AN APPENDIX**

OF OTHER RELIGIOUS COMPOSITIONS, IN  
ENGLISH AND IRISH;  
And recommended to all devout Catholics as a Work of great merit.

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**TENTH EDITION.**

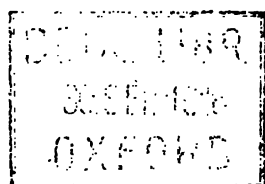
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**By PATRICK DENN, CAPPOQUIN.**

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**CORK:**  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN CONNOR.

1829.



## TO THE PUBLIC.

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*The many Editions of the Pious Miscellany that have been hitherto printed, being so erroneous, that the best skilled scholars in the Irish Language have thought it impossible to read them with propriety, in consequence of their being so badly spell; and even the letters, and often the syllables, misplaced. To render it now more pleasing and acceptable, I have REVISED and CORRECTED the whole Work, and explained the difficult or obscure words in the margin. Moreover, I have subjoined an APPENDIX of other pious Compositions, in English and Irish on different spiritual subjects, which, I hope, will meet the approbation of the public; and yet serve such as read them, or hear them read, as pious instructions and exhortations.*

*As Hymns and Spiritual Canticles are recommended by St. Paul, as a mode of devotion highly acceptable to God—to introduce thus this pious Miscellany into the hands of the rising generation cannot (with the blessing of God) fail of contributing much to the reformation of the wicked and corrupt morals of the present time. The adult, as well as the young, will receive useful instructions, and, if attended to closely, perhaps*

TO THE PUBLIC.

*It may be the means of their future happiness. During the long nights of winter, a hymn or song out of this little book may be sung in every Roman Catholic family.—It would be better do so, than suffer the vile compositions that have been daily sung through the public streets, to be introduced therein; such are too apt to convey early and deep infection into the tender minds of children; and it is to be hoped, that parents who respect their own or their family's temporal and eternal welfare, will not suffer such poison to get into their houses.*

*I am, with respect,*

*The Public's*

*Devoted Servant,*

**PATRICK DENN.**



*An ainim an Athar, agus an Mhíe, agus an Spioraid  
Naomhtha. Amen.*



### DUAIN IOSA.

A Mhor Mhíe bhatarach chailce na soillse aoibhín.  
A throoire pharathuisa phearsa den triar naomhtha,  
Astoirghil maithfechas tabhair' nar gelaon smuaintí  
Is treoruig manam gan anfadh ad righeacht Iosa.  
*Amen.*

*Amen.* Iosa do cheanuig go daoir me,  
Air an gcraan de haoine,  
Is do namhaid ad thraoicha,  
Tu a bhfad oí ghaoidhealta,  
Is do bhanaltra taoibh leat.  
Go eaitheach ad chuibhne,  
Is mise go milteach,  
Ó thainig brigh ionum,  
Ad cheusa air mo dhighthíol,  
Is mo chubha cead míle,  
Do cheudaibh sgeimble,  
Mar bo dhe sin mo dhíol duit.

Iosa dhealbhuig talamh is treun mhuir duinn,  
A naoimh spioraid bheanuidhthe cheanuig go daor  
me air dtuis.

Dibir m'ainbhíós damanta a dhe na numhal  
Is diríg manam gan pheánuid gan phein ad chuir.  
*Amen.*

*Amen.* A Righe na numhal,  
Ce thugas leat mó chul,  
Do ritheas uait air siubhal,  
Do threigeas do sheun is do ghnuis,  
Is ce go rineas so go minic siud,  
Na cuir druim do lámh liom,  
Mar is leatsa 'táil a tnuith,  
M'anam mo Chroidhe, is mo dha shail.

Ad chuir cheolmbar chompordach go dtídhig ar  
dtrial.

B'chudhat seoil sin ad chumbag bhothar a Rígha  
na riail,

A stuir ghlormhar uad chomhachtach a Chríost na  
gelíar,

Tabhair stór ad dhun damhsa, is díchean me a Dhia.  
Amen.

Amen, Mar is tu me stuir is mo liagh,  
Is mo dhochtúir tar dhochtúiridhe a Dhia,  
Is an eharaid sin do cheanuig me go diao,  
Léid bhas san phaisaig fulang na bpíar.

A Dhia ghleigil ná feile is Athair dhílis,

A liagh naomhtha do shaor sinn O pheaca an tsinsir,

Riar reidhtig ní ceim ort ar nglasa sgaoile ;

A Thiarna aon mhic na daonacht abhlátheas soilsig.

Amen. Iosa, ce fada me am shoidhead nimh,

Dhamanta ad dhibirt,

Is tre ghanguid an ghnímh sin,

Ta manam bocht eíor dhúbh,

Ceanguilte a gcuibbreach,

Nach feidir a sgaoile,

No go saorfhir sí a ris me,

Le deirc shein dífíor fhúil,

Naomhtha do chroidhe ghil.

Soillse na Maighdeana is grasa an Uain,

Go bhfaighamna mar oidhreacht a náras huan.

Foidhnig me a dheigh leinibh Mhaire ad Chuan,

Is rionn linn do shaidhbhríos a ghradh gan ghruaim,

Amen. Gobinn a Rígha agus Uain,

Do cheanuig me go carthanach air cuaird,

Aig an phioloir sa phionós chruaig,

Is na giudaig fhallsa dram an uair,

Ad sglarsal eadtoir ad mhasla go mor ;

Do bhrughdar do shuil mhílis tsuairc,

Do ghreadadur do ghearadur do ghrúadh,

Is d'eidhrig íodhta an fheill an tsuadh,

Chum ar dtigbearna threasgurit gan taise gan

truadh.

Gan ghruaim, beir leat fa bhratuibh Mhuire go fial,  
 Suas air neamb mo phearsa o stuirm an diabhail,  
 Fuasguil m'anam tar am choimirce san tsiabh,  
 Is luan na breithe glac me ad chuibhdeachta a Dhia,  
 Amen. Fo dlaith durtachtach fial,

Ce bhriseas fomoir do dhlige is do rial,  
 Ann gach tighir a mbioch mo thrial,  
 Am dhal am dhaol fa sheula an diabhail,  
 Is tre am thuitim go dabhach aig dubuilt na bhfiach;  
 Nior bhionna liom le cubha le ciach,  
 Le buile bhroin is dheoir is phian,  
 Da sgoilteach tre mo chroidhe mo chliabh,  
 Le luidhead mo phairt is mo ghradh do Dhia.

A Dhia na naingiol, sa bhanaltra an Ríge chomh-  
 achtaig,

Stialuig m'annabhfios, sgaipig mo mhidhoch us  
 Riaruig m'anam a mbeatha na binn ghloire,  
 Fa sgiath na Napsdail aig amharca na Trinvide. Amen.  
 Amen. A Thrinoid na naomh glormhar machtnuig,

Gur thuirlin geal Phrionnsa na bhfiathis,

Fa bhan bhruinne Mhaire na leanabh,

'Tri raithe d'an maighistir na naingiol,

Le humhluigheacht is le huirisleacht aice,

Is fuirneis ghradh na larr air lasa,

Do thaine anuas chughain air talamh,

An tuan geal d'ar bhfuasguilt on bpeaca;

A mhatbair ni bhfaigheach a bheith san chaithir,

Go dtainig san stabla chum leapthan,

Is ann do bhi na luighe godealabh,

Gan fhion gau sheoil aig a beol le blaise,

A gelogas thair an aras an ealaig.

Do rug aon mhac De na napstal.

Fuacht is fan nior chain mar chleachta,

Is do b ean radharq naomhtha e a mainnseur aisil.

A Thrinoid a chriochhoir an teagusg a reim,

A chaoin chombairlig a righe shamplaig chasaitig  
 a rgereim,

A dhiadhacht ord chirt a chinne-roimhe na saikarach-  
sein.

Feill foir go siodhtheoilte is tarmuing me. Amen.

Amen. Is me an meathach na smuainean go-  
dtuicfe an la,

La diachrach la ar Dtighearna do theacht,  
Iona chathaoir is leath chloidheamh na neacht,  
Na leimh chombachtach a stroicfios gach trend,  
Gan sabhar le fail air bith d'aon.

Ach an bhantracht mhin is meillse meinn,

Do baistfur a ndecaruibh ordha an tsein,

Ni iathfur reompa doirse De,

Is beith geatuidhe na geat riodhachta reig,

Chum iad do ghluca annsa flaithis a reim.

Is me bhriseach le ainbhfios is le aibhleas claon,

Atheanta na Napstal is dlighe na naomh,

A dhalta skil go cartharach fuil do chroidhe 'nar-  
dtaobh,

Sealbhuig ar nanamnacha ad riogheacht is glaothuig.

Amen. A Righe Righte an t-aogtail.

Do leath na linn binn ghuith do bheil,

Air chlaunnaibh Eve tiompchíol na dheire,

Red-mbaith, red mheir mheir-leach 'a'ar  
nglaodhach,

Air neamh a suidhe-soillse gach sein,

A mbeatha shior aoiibh na naomh,

Na lasair fhior ghriun ghluinn mar ghrein,

Dod phearsa naoimhtha IOSA MIIC DE.

Gloadhuid d'ar gcaomh-chuideacht Peaduir is Poh,

Ceile Iosa, Naomh Cyprian, Basil is Job,

Cleir shoillseach t'reis Shionuin, Mhareuis ghil is  
Eoin,

Go saothruigid duin seun riogheacht na bhflathas-  
mar lon.

Amen. A shaoi shoillseach na salaim,

Do Dhortas air dhramm' f'allsa na falla,

Sonus shruith sein seadach na cea-bailh.

Is do bhronus mar bheile nochtach ad bhainis,  
D'ar gcobhair, do chlodh chomhachtach, do  
phearsa,

Tobar is lon trocuireach na beatha,  
San tscreamint naomhtha d'ad leanabh,  
Air staid a ngras a ngradh tu ghlaca.

Lon beanuighthe nabhfiathas is CRIOST neamhdha,  
Lon Saltarach na-napstal is dlighe an ard mhic,  
Lon pharathais na-naingiol san Rbhighe ghrasaig.  
Na stur seasaibh aig ar nanamnuibh is dion Mhaice.  
Amen. A Mhaire mhiortbhulteach dion me,

Air mo naoimhde, an la,  
La ghiustis na ngiustisidhe as se,  
La an deidhille, la an aighnis, la an phle,  
La leighfid na braighde ruisgere,  
La luidhrig is luirthig chloinne eadh,  
La an chuuncuis, la ar genutais do leaghabh,  
La Toirneach is mor-chuisne sgeith\*  
La an ghleodh soano sgothla mo sgeun,  
Na faigham teithe air bith O fheirg mhic De.

A Mhaire bhrola-ghéal sbeochmadh sa mhathair  
Christ,

Garda air dhoilbhios dhorchas ar namhuid sinn.  
Tathuig, cosnaimh go sochrach samh 'nar gcroidhe  
Grasa an tsoluis mhic do crosag san phais 'nar dtaoilbh  
Amen. A oidhreacht shaidhbhir na naomh.

Do shoidhead is do thoill me go daor.

Ann tiosbirt air mhaoilinn an tsleibh,

An uair shuighfirs Lad Rbhe-bhreitheamh treup,  
Sgaol me led chloinn mhilltsein,

La an dioghaltais, la an speimhle, la an lean,  
La an bhairraibh, la an ruaitir go leir,  
La an luain duibh, la an chruagh choiste gheir,  
La an tsuadh nimh, a nduaig rith san speir,  
La buailfur gan trua dh an buile daor,  
La sgaubfur o chualacht mhic De,

\* To shed or efface.

Na sáladraibh uile dbrann na lann cle.  
 A thaobh nar sgoiltéag a gcoghal na croise ceusda,  
 Do chroidhe is do cholan a gcobhar na cine daona.  
 Da'r saora o dhoirtis na sroithe fuil do chleibh ghil,  
 Didhean ad tshochuir is fortaig on uile pheinn sinn.  
 Amen.

Amen. A ghnais'lonrach na ngras,  
 Cíodh chuir na dubha Juidaig chum baís,  
 Do chorp gheal cludmhúil camnta gan spas,  
 Air an gcois fa chjach phiantach sa phais,  
 Osna mo chroidhe choíche do chas,  
 Gan sort eochroian go dí ad thracht,\*  
 Acht nuadh chula-beodh tuit-mar bhlaith.  
 Is fhíor fhuil naombtha na gnise led chneadha:  
 Creach na gcreach tar chreacha chach,  
 An chreach so a gcreacha am chreacha sam chradh,  
 Mo ghradh geal tar tear go lag airr larr,  
 Mo thruadh mo Thiagharna air shliabh an airr.  
 Sinn didhean a Bhrígid naombtha gbeanamnach  
 ghradhach,  
 Air sgeimhlíbh an fheill mheilltig mhalluighthe  
 ghnaith,

A Mhíchil ghil bí síor mar charaíd am sgaith,  
 Is le liun IOSA am ghlaodhach, guidhim tu ard-  
 aingil am laimb. Amen.

Amen. Ce gur me an éoldhre mílteach meirlig.

San tior-anach tair an airr san eirlig,

Dítheall ort mo chasnta leam chlaon chuir.

Is aig iara na ngras geal gradhaim is gladhaim tu,  
 Gradh do mhathar, gradh na naomb-duit,  
 Gradh na napaist is na naingiol sa reim duit,  
 Gradh deidhchroidheach na martireach dtreun duit,  
 Is na maighdeana adhluin mbreadha nar sheun tu,  
 Gradh na leanbh thar thaithntemh an tsaothail duit,  
 As gach gradh díobh da nairimsi a gceill duit,

M'fhocul is mo laimh duit a gradh gil da bhfeadfin,  
Go glormhar gongradhfin lena ngradhsan go leir tu.

AN CRANGAL.

A Iosa ghil aebhin is athir an uain.  
Do chidhean sinne cuibhrichte ceanguiltean graim,  
A Rìghe mhillis dhaoneachtuig freaguir mo dhuain.  
Dirig is dibir an mhaluightheacht uainn. Amen.

### DUAIN MHUIRE.

OLAMH a Iosa naomhuig neartuig,  
Mo thoil mo chroidhe mo smuaintes is m'anam,  
Le tora ghnaith do ghrasa geala,  
Is a naigha mo namhuid ardaig m'acfaun.  
A Mhathair Chrìost am chroidhe stig gleadhimsi,  
Do bhlaith ghlan soillseach naomhtha a raeltean,  
Am gharda air shoighaduibh nimhe na-peiste  
Ata do shìor air thidhe me thraocha.  
Gradhaim is guidhim do ghraol is do daonacht,  
Do ghrasa geala, do charthanacht naomhtha;  
A Mhaire bheanuirthe, a bhanaltra an aon mhic,  
Aig sgath is aig tarmuin manama 'taobh leat.  
O's deoruidhe dur lag dubbach a goein me,  
A stor chroidhe an uain na duiltuig m'aodhreacht,  
Go cuan go cathair gheal pharathais phearlug,  
A ghrianain ainglidhe an phaidrin naomhtha,  
Bidhaim deadh-shlainteach sathaich seannmar,  
Sugach seang go ceann an tearmo,  
No am athrach gèair gan-eara gan eudaich,  
Mo liagh-leighios tu a mhaighdean naomhtha,  
A Bhanrioghain bheanuirthe, gheanannach ghleigil.  
Shoillseach, throcuireach, ghlormhar, naomha,  
Lonnruig, leasaig, mo bheatha is mo bheumadh,  
Ta'd bhan-bhrat comhachtach, ceolmhar, cuobhnach.  
A thionnsgnoir thaithneamhuig, theagusig na cleire,  
Duin soir freaguir go cabharthach deirceach,  
Compord manama is maigne teiliobh,  
A stiurtheoir chaitce na gearmektas seada.

- A ros na baolne, a shaoi na feile,  
 A gcomhar, a gcuibhdeachta a gcula do threuda,  
 Fuasguil, friothail me la an tsleibhe,  
 Air sgola, air sgeibhle an-dioltuis, aochtuig.  
 Air arr, air athnighthe, air eagla, air eirleach,  
 Air sgeon; air gios, air sgrib nimb-leunmhar,  
 Air splanca, air shionta, air theinnte, air ghear-  
 bhruid,  
 Air choguidhe, air chathana chathacha an lae sin.  
 La na breithe na creithe na creime,  
 La na feirge tinge mar leagthar,  
 La dubhach, deorach, bronach baoguil  
 Guilmneach, galarach, anacrach, eagnach.  
 Le binib de bairbe stuirm an lae sin,  
 Crithfid na flaibios is lasfuid na speartha,  
 Lompoig an ghealach chomh dearg le aon fhuil,  
 Is beig an ghrian sa mhurthuibh smuit aig eclipse  
 Na crainn na clocha uile. sgolta sa sgreanchuig,  
 Na tiortha a bog bhrise aig osguilt sa raoba,  
 Ruaithear roadh aco oeo agus caora,  
 Anuas da gcaitheamh na gceatheanaibh treuna.  
 A gcos don domban, is fodhlach fraochmhar,  
 Gaibhbheuch, greadtuidhthe, garbh dogheimfig.  
 An mhor mhuir bhrudhachtaig, thonntach, thaos-  
 gach,  
 Romh chuaidhsgrios choguidhe is chostidhe an  
 lae sin.  
 Toirneach thrompadh an sad noch seidfe.  
 Mithchial millis go fuineambuil faobhrach,  
 Air neamh sa nithfrionn cloinfear aneinfheacht,  
 Fothram, fuaim na huaille-ceadhna.  
 Ordugha an aingil a theacachaibh eighrig,  
 Suas go haibig go hairineach-eusga,  
 Bhuir dtaibhse fachtar a bhfaraid a cheile.  
 A radharc sleibh Olivet is Calvary air an chnoc.  
 Is ann do shuidhfig Righe na naomhuibh,  
 An ngiustis Iosa Críost gan bhreagna,



D'fhulang Pais agus bas dar saora;  
 A geochal na Croise air na rinead a cheusaa  
 Mo cheasna is mo chasa chneadha sa chreachta,  
 Air leatha do lathair ail chloinn Eva,  
 Cuisliona a chroidhe air fad sgaoilte sgeidate,  
 Gan spas a rith na dtuile chraora.  
 Fiaghna fodhla is foarsa Cesar,  
 Fuirion an tuir is truipe na traodh-shoir,  
 Bioch go rabhadar acfuineach, eadbhach,  
 Impiriuil, oirdheire, lochrach, leidbhach.  
 Clogadach, cathbhudhach, madh-shluadhach-  
 maomach,  
 Carsta, crodha, mar leon sa laochras,  
 Cumasach, ceanusach sealad san tsaogul,  
 An la ud is tlaitheamhuil d'fheuchuid.  
 Mo chiach, mo chugrach cuis mo pheine,  
 Liacht mo pheacuidhe is m'aithridhe eudrom,  
 M'iamsa m'altuir-e, m'aingise, is m'eadhlang,  
 Trian mo churtha ni thiuigim gur leir cham.  
 Le baois, le buile, le laige mo-threithe,  
 Le duile dhuile is le moille mo-laochuis,  
 Is le ciocras cuiripe an toirmoisg thaomalg,  
 Dlidhe mhic muire na geoin giol do raobus.  
 Go mailisach, caluidhseach, clionmhar,  
 Casnighdeach, sgaltighdeach, sgeulach,  
 Sgigeamhuil, sganalach asmuilteach, eudmhar,  
 Munabrach, measguidhthe a-maluightheacht eigin.  
 Taidhbhseach, toasdalach, sglondrach, sgleipeach,  
 Uibhreach, iomarcach, mustrach, peucach,  
 Pionpeamhuil, poiteach, coisreach, craosach.  
 Loisgithe aige leisge na meisge do threigion.  
 Gruadhma, goirgeach, colgach, caobhthach,  
 Buartha, bladarach, bagarthach, breugach,  
 Fuathmhar, seargach, tarcuisnach, taodach,  
 Suaidhte, seabh a mbearta sa mbrearta.  
 Miosguiseach, mealltach, samtach, suodaltach,  
 Goinideach, ganguideach, cealgeach, ceolraige.

Loititheach, lochtach, sliteach, seuntaach,  
 A dturas, a dtengusg mo leasa do dheanabh.  
 Is sampla don Euroip le cheile;  
 Ma chionnta, mo chalcatheacht, mo aibhfios.  
 d'eisdeachd,

Fallsacht, foculaibh cagal mo chleibhisi,  
 San canncar chleachtas le'r caileag na cendta.  
 Mo thruadhais an teanga do spalpas do spreuchas,  
 An Trinoid le siobhnosaig eiddhig,  
 An corp san tanam do gheara as na steigibh  
 A ndoimhnibh, ithfruin uile mar-eiric.  
 Mo thruadhais an aicme do thaitheas go saothrach,  
 Caise cndhartha is plur na deidhse,  
 Riodh f'heoil rabhar is carbhus craosach,  
 Brothalach blasda le bacuig mar bheile.  
 Is dhiobreas danan diomadhach, deurach,  
 Seanoir singil tuirseach gan teagar,  
 Is bainntreach mhurarach nireasbach aonair,  
 Uatha air siubhal gan fiu na deirce.

Mo thruadhais an dreamm dubh dubail ceach deimig.  
 Aoibhneas aramus eaglais an-aon mhic,  
 Is inntin aithanta chairige an Chlement,\*  
 Cathaoir chobhairle Roiuh na Raeltion.

Mo thruadt sa an dreamm bocht fullsa dheanas,  
 Gnaith mhaidhim mhasluightheach mbarbhuig aonuig.

Iota uile aithisig, deasga droith mheine,  
 Is-fior fhonn fola do dhorta go deistineach,  
 Mo thruadhais an Tain† gan tabbact le'r treigag,  
 Tighearna an Teampuil sheaundra raeltig,  
 Is thugflaithes na gomhach air mhement reime,  
 Do sgaipeas mar bhlaithe do bharr na geige.

Mo thruadh sa tachtuighthe da lasga gan traocha,  
 An tathair san mbathair fa na ngeur ghlais,  
 Sloigithithe suigte muchta a mbreuntas,  
 Air leacuibh Lucifer liosta da leusa.

M'uatbfas abhar a ndumanta a dheanabh,

\* Pope.

† Multitude.

Euaecht onid fola an mhór mhíó naomhtha,  
 A gclann na gconairt mar thugaid air sheirse,  
 Do shúistibh díana an diabhaíl da bpleusga,  
 Achairde thuigíos, sgruipíodís mo dhreuchta,  
 Meabhruig, maethnuig go mairthíoneach treibhsa,  
 Gioracht ar gcairde ar draith is ar leise,  
 Is nach fíodúin cé is tuisge glaothfar,  
 Na ceinn do chruaig éú na ceile,  
 Inntleacht ughdair, iompar, eifeacht,  
 Gaoín chial chríostalach phíste ghlioghaodhíle,  
 Eabhraís, Apsalaic, Laidiún, is Greigis,  
 Is suarthach seirice delibh na bplaois san,  
 Air fuaid na reilige andoimhnéas fa leith lío,  
 Gan chluas gan chroicín ne gceigíonaibh maola,  
 Cognata, creimthe deidhílte aige daolaibh,  
 An chélan do bhlí go fíontach, feustach,  
 Gliadarnach, gíodamach, uilenach aorach,  
 Air balaidhe bana a praisg sa pleireacht,  
 Is fa chpíleana síoda uigheach ga neata,  
 AN CEANGAL.  
 A. Mhaigdean naomhtha guidhim tu a neimeacht,  
 Le Ríge na rann air an gcrann do ceusag,  
 Aig treorugha anam an pheachuig bhoicht bhaotha  
 seo,  
 Duine an dgrá se suas na naemh bhrog.  
 Amen,

### CARBHUL IOSA.

Amen. Iosa, am dhídean is am gharda,  
 Ce gur líomsa cuirag ohm baís tu,  
 Is me bhuaíl go cruag tríod dhearnuín,  
 Is ad chaobh chois éiamtha chubbartha an tairne,  
 T'reis an eirlig threan so thruchtulm.  
 Gó fíochmhar fallsa un lannasaghaisa,  
 Trí ad thaobh geul ad cheusa is ad chradhsa,  
 • Some time.

O' cad e mar a-mhasluigheas le'm mhailis tu a-  
 mhaistir,  
 An còstam chleachtas gan amhrus gnathach,  
 O bhonn go bathus ad phearsa nìor fhagus,  
 Oriach aon fhir saor gan airiobh,  
 Mo chuig ceud sgìos gan lìona do chneadhailbh,  
 Mo leir chreach cad dheunfiodsa an la san,  
 Dobheig clann bhocht bhreugaob eadhar Adam,  
 Air an sliabh na dtreudtha aig eibhe\* sa garrtha,  
 Fa choistibh geara an aon mhic ghrasaig.  
 Mo sgannra an talamh, na flathis san bhàn mhuir,  
 Na splamcaibh dearga aig amharc an airr sin,  
 Beith Caora lasta na gceathibh da' gcaidithe,  
 Tre choguidhe feirge ar mbreithibh mo chas, guirt..  
 Leathfig ar gelaon churtha grana,  
 Mar a ndeanfaim air an saodhal so annta sasmh,  
 Le aithridhe aochtach, shennmhar neamhdha.  
 Do gheallfios ar nanam mar sneachta na mbanta  
 A dhlighe agus aitheanta feasta na bearnam,  
 Acht biom go saltrach, saiamach pairteach,  
 'Nar saoithe seasamh san maohaire luimh leis,  
 Oo binn se bhraitaig ghluin bheannuighthe an ard  
 mhic.  
 Is mille fearra dhuir tarmuin ghradhmar,  
 Righe na naingiol na neapstal sa mbathair,  
 Na sin do bheith damanta ceanguilte air chabla,  
 A dtinntibh treasgurtha treasna aige Satan.  
 A dhaoine is gairid an sealad ata aguinn,  
 Da bbridhe sin casam go carthanach craibhteache  
 Air IOSA an leanabh, do cheanuig san phais sinn,  
 Is beith soillse pharathais aguinn da bharr san.

### CARBUIL MHUIRE.

*This spiritual Song is adapted to the tune of*  
*Carolan's Devotion.*

Is treith lag me chealltair a geanntla na gras,  
 Am spreuchla le splanucaibh, 'sme air bharran la 'gam  
 mhas,

\* Crying.

Mo bhreuga is mo bhlanndar is mo chlompargan spas,  
Do sheid mise a dtreabhuid neamh-mheabhach am ias  
A Raeltion na naingiolaihbh na heimig<sup>†</sup> me tharmuin,  
Go daonachtach carthanach le<sup>‡</sup> 'dbheanniditheacht do  
ghaith,

La an daortha, la an doiltuis la an-eirlig, la an sgeimhle,  
La an daotha, la an bhaoguil, la an bhinni, la an bhradha,  
La saorfar na saoithe go fíor cheart thug gradha,  
D'ar ngearchuman IOSA, na thaoide gan tradha.

Mo leunghuirt mo labhartha thug canncar am chneadha,  
Go leirghonta am lebhha sa a dtonnthacha plaga;  
Is ealaingach, anrachtach, fannsníte ata  
Mo chreuchta sa cionntach air shlabhra 'gam nam luid,  
A pheurla ghloin gheanamnuig na feile na dearmad,  
Táon mbac do cheanuig me go peanuileach sa phais,  
A cheile an Spioraid Naombtha bo sheunmháire soillse  
Na treig sinne diobartha ar dtír bhocht an fhain,  
Glaodhmuid d'ar gcuibhdeacht tu d'oidhche 'sdo la,  
Is reidhtig go ríodheacht neimhe an tsliohche do shliocht  
Aamh.

A Rex thug na heabh ruig go lebhair mhaiseach, samh,  
Tre skleibhte is duma ghileanta na fonn mharat slán,  
Gelliom<sup>†</sup> 'nar ngréann do is as lonarach ar stait,

Da eidgeacht le haisacht le bantracht na ngras,  
A Raeltion na fairsge, a nomh gheata parathuis,  
Eist si lem' charbhla is lem' eagat<sup>‡</sup> ort do ghnaith  
Mo chríos chleachta chluidhig me mo chlaon cleasa  
chaoich me,

Mo bhaoth bearta haoise do thraoich me is do thnaith,  
A gbrein Lille dhiagruis, dhilis, fagsaith  
Do sgeith innig didhean sinne choidheche an gach gadha.  
A dheidh mhic do bhríon duin do thabharthais le gradha,  
Na roinn linn do lóinn cheart a chrobbhuire na ngras,  
Saidhbhríos an domhuin seo ní thoghsúse a tait,  
Is gan deighilt leasta thabhuirín airdhrom na deas lámh:  
Mo thaidhbhsí do threaguir me, mo chloidhreacht do  
chealgane,

Mo bhladhma, mo bhladareacht, mo mhaluiditheacht is  
mo raig,  
Seo an laidhrat<sup>§</sup> ge lionmhur mar oidhreacht do thoidhail  
dam,

<sup>†</sup> Refuse.

<sup>†</sup> Red Sea.

<sup>‡</sup> To beseech.

<sup>§</sup> Leprosy.

Bheith a mbraigdean us mheillteach sa ngeimhlíoch le  
ghrain

A mhaighdean na maighdean gheall leighis mise a dtraith,  
Is na foidhene me a leigha a ngluis, is mo thinn luit an  
chradha.

#### AN CEANGAL.

A mhathair mharthanach mhaiseach an leaibh naomhtha  
Le gradha is le taithneamh do cheanuig an chinte daona,  
Achraidhig charbanaig mhachitnuidhthig mhillis saor  
sinn,

Go brach faoid bhratnig ghil bheanuighthe a bhuimé an  
aon mhic. Amen.

#### DUA IN CHRIOST.

Adapted to the Tune of "Seadhan O Daoir an Ghleann," or that  
of "Ur Mhic na Creinne."

IOSA mhic Muine a Ríghle ghil na Ríghthe,

A Iompaire na cinne daona sa ngradha,

A Chríost mhillis innig: a shoille le'r cumag,

Ríoghacht neimhe isneithe an tsaoguil a dtraith,

Díobair ar nduille, ar mbaois is ar mbuile,

Choidheche as ar geroidithe a Raeltíon na gras,

Is ann taoisbirt si a leinibh naomhtha na croise,

Cuibhmig go dtugais saor sinn ad phais.

Mo ngeimhle a an stiúrán sgíomha so an chluidhthe

Chlaoinmhar so chuir a ndaor bhfruid sliocht Aaml,

Do dhlidhe si do bhrise as a Naomh Spioraid do thuillean

Feinnte uile an chuire chraosúig an chradha;

A Ríghle ghil do rugais Maois léat sa thirupaibh,

Tre chaoín choirp na Fuile treine gan badha,

Da bhríghle sinn a chumha an gaoidhil bhochtá coimíte,

Is go díogruiseach cluthair saor sinn ad bhas.

O'd mhaolinsi a Mhuisir aoibhin go Hinis,

Fíonn tsrúith na fine is tachtach a' gcas,

Cois Laoi ghil is Liffe, Brídhaid agus Bhíora,

Aibhntacha Dhuire is Eirne mar d'fhas,

Gach lín go líná eiríochas sgíodsá,

Thug díoltas le binib air fuaid na heirean le spas,

Is modhith ghúirtse an fuirean chlaon so na creid an,

Dod tfor cheart so a bhreithlibh naomhtha na ngras.

O Leithlin go Daingion, O cheann Leime go Gaillibh,

O Bhurtha go Seanuing thaosgach na dtónu,

\* Mother.

Sad-reim sin go Bana ata na gcaor luisne air lara,  
 Blaoma ann gach haile, eithig agus mlonn,  
 Claonta agus ganghuid, leir ghonta is coalg,  
 Craos agus falla daor bhruid is fealt;  
 Is mo leanghuirt do pheanuid a son mhic na bhfiathas,  
 Seunta na Sganuil aige meirlig an domhais.  
 An-meid sin do dalag, do caochag, do meilag,  
 A raoba na rathanta le craos is le druia,  
 Le daor mhionuidhe spalpa an eithig le cana.  
 Gan speis acht mar sgaipseach braon beg don drucht;  
 Staonuig is staduig; gellig is casuig,  
 Le naomh aithridhe reachtmhar air dheigh mhac na  
 numhal,  
 Blaomuig is lasuig go deir-fhiliuch le taithniomh  
 Do phearla na bhfiathas is reidhfíg ur gcuis.

### DUAIN AN SPIORAD NAOIMH.

Is eachtach an teirtoch so a neirion le spas,  
 Dar gcaocha, dar dtraocha is dar dtraon, chuir chum  
 baís,  
 Ar neitheach, ar ngarghuin, ar geraos nimh a fas,  
 Do leig sinn, do leirig, nar meirlicheaibh rais,  
 A treigton, a seuna an-choirp naoimhtha san Iosa  
 ghil,  
 Dar saora do ceussag air gheagaibh na caoin oroise,  
 A pheurla na feile, tre'd pheinn bhruid sa phais,  
 Reidhfíg go raeltionach dearcach ar gcas.  
 Ann gach aon bhall fan speir seo na greine le fáil  
 Do leath leidheantacht, is seimtheacht, is naomh-  
 thacht do chail,  
 An eire gur gheileadar gaodhtuibh go tairr,  
 Do bhaoth bhrí, do bhreuga na peiste thug ar,  
 Air chaomh shliocht Mhilesiens bo seunmhara soille  
 suilt  
 Reimeaneach, meinn mhilis, ghear ehuman, dhiog-  
 raach;  
 Achille na Naomh Spioraide, a chaomh Mhuire ar  
 ngradh,

\* Spite or Hatred.

Saor sinn fe sheula do sgeithe la an bhragh.  
 Mo leanguirt na sgealta so do sgeithfar le raig,  
 O shleibhte na feine go Hegipt na bhfaig,  
 O Venus go Neples, O Swedland go Praig,  
 Is o'n Ngreig go Vienna, sin eclipse, sin plaig  
 Air an dtread liosta, tread bhuile, tread otair chlaoin  
 chleasach,  
 Na geillion do bbreithre na eise seo fiondhitheach  
 La lein aig an meid sin do chlaonta thug gradh,  
 Is la sein aige a nglaothfar air thaobh a deas lannh.

## AN CRANGAL.

Miosguis is maldiditheacht, ganghuid is taidhbhse  
 threun,  
 Cuirpeacht, cama chlis cealag is oloidbreacht ehlao  
 Thug sinne foai tharcuisne treasgurtha tinn gan reim,  
 O mhio mhuire glai freaguir me, leasug is leadhis  
 ar goreim.

*Duith nu Geanamuidheacht.*

Is meinn liom labhairt air Raeltion roinnteach,  
 Raeltion bhronnach, bheanighthe  
 Raeltion cheolmhar, Raeltion ghlormhar,  
 Raeltion threuireach, thaitneamhach,  
 Raeltion ionnach, pheurlach, phrionnsach,  
 Chraobhach, chluimhail, chaithiseach,  
 Raeltion rightheamhail, nochtach, impireamhail,  
 Chaomh ghlan, obhriortamhail, carthanach,  
 Raeltion athais, Raeltion ghradsach,  
 Raeltion ghradhar, gheanamhail,  
 Raeltion alang, neadhata, neamhdha.  
 Raeltion craibitheach, cheanamhail,  
 Raeltion aoibhin, sheunmhar, shoillseach,  
 Raeltion bhrighmhar, bhanamhail.  
 Criostal na ceile, coingiol na cleire,  
 Is Lille na maighdean maiseamhail.  
 Raeltion ordha, Raeltion ombrach,  
 Raeltion mhombrach, mharthanach,



Raeltion lochrach, Raeltion chombachtach,  
 Raeltion chroineach, chabharbach,  
 Raeltion rialta, Raeltion dhiadha,  
 Raeltion ghrianda, gheanamnach,  
 Gile ghreidhionach; málilis, mheldbearach.  
 Inig oirdhreacht pharathais.  
 Realtion oirdhearc, Realtion sholusfur,  
 Realtion shocharach, staltarach,  
 Raeltion chubhartha, Realtion ohomhantach,  
 Realtion shugach, shalamach,  
 Realtion spioraideamhuil; Realtion mhineamhuil.  
 Do sheid na milliun masgalaeh,  
 Is eilirthig\* uaisle dheitilig uainne.  
 A seilbh gheal shuairo na bhflaitheasaibh:  
 Realtion eoluis an Realtion ehoraig,  
 Go Realtíoch rod na Heaguilse.  
 Seud tar sheodaibh an tsaoguil sglondruig.  
 Soud is mor aig Apstalaibh,  
 Soud do sheoit a reim gach Oigh,  
 Go naomhtha chombad na hatheanta,  
 Is na ceudaibh oig fhir leaghionta, leonta,  
 Seibr a gcombar na Naingioluibh.

## AN CEINGAL.

Seo an Realtion targhreín; \*il na soilse is fearr,  
 An Realtion is seumhuire a Rlogheabht na ngras,  
 Realtion do naomhuig na milte badhab,  
 Is aig an bhfeasda fuair priomhfeid mhór O Christ do  
 Csheadhan.

A bheith theuigios agrítoide mo dhuain a draith,  
 Is as seimhe chuinig gan mille go huan bhuir mblaith,  
 Leaghtar linne gur siblise do fuair an barr,  
 Craobh na Cruinne agus cuibhdeachta an Uain go braith.

---

*Duain Duaise na Ffíor Maighdion.*  
 Seo comhairle tar chomairlercha an tsaognil,  
 Mar chomhairle bheir GAODHLACH go glinn-

Do gach oig Bhrúingiol mhomhrach cheart bhean-  
ach,

Go deo libh gan reidhteach a gcoinnig;  
A oigibh da oirdheacht bhur dtreithe,  
Acht pósúig me gheur-chuman Críost,  
Is do gheoidh sibh coroin glormhar da eireacht.  
Go ceolmhar geal naomhtha na Ríogheacht,  
Ni bheith breodhteacht na bran oruibh faobh leis,  
Ceo air bith na treun thinnis oinn,  
A-chomhairsain sa chombgas ní baodhal dibh,  
Is sportach bhur sgleip suiltis griinn,  
Is mo sibh sa chombachtaimh a sgeithe,  
Na Seoirse sa shaothachtach fa thri,  
O ! me chomhairle go dochuiseach deinig,  
Is toigig chum Deághil bhur geoidhe.

Ni leoidhfig fear moide do spreacha,  
Na fos fear an eigan gan mhoill,  
Fear poite is fear forsá chum eirlig,  
Sin teora le Meirlig an fheill :  
Ni leoidhfig an sortso oraibh smeide.  
Ni leoidhfig, beig ceile an Spioraid Naomh,  
Gach moment dur bhfoirtheant dur bhfeuchaint,  
Dur seola, dur saora is dur ndidhean.

Bíoch comhartha an Chruiththeora an bhur  
gcaomhchruith,  
Deldh shampla 'gus mein mhaith 'nur ngníomh,  
Is cuirig fobhar ceart na stor chum bhur lípearla  
Go corach deisgreidheach gan maoibh :  
Faidhim trocuireach a gclodh 'gus a gceil sibh,  
An bhur seoidheana seumhara tidheacht,  
O ! air sodh sinibh morgacht an aon mhic,  
Gach nota go neata da dhiadhacht.

A Phosaidhthe Foldha\* na feile,  
Bidhig coiridhthe a mheasa sa mbrigh,  
A Phosaidhthe bothar na naomh uile,  
Rod croise ceusta ma Ríge,

A Phosaidhte a gcoisir na Raelion,  
Fogruim dibh glaothach ortha is guidhe,  
O! go hombrach, congnathach craobhach,  
Is beig' gloire aguibh taobh leo 'nur suidhe.

## AN CEANGAL.

A Bhadhbuibh\* an athais na ceilig ceannpsacht,  
Air aileacht, air bhreadhthacht ar mbreitheamh,  
mannsacht,

Is gradhnach do ghairín is gan leisce dhampasuing,  
Ansa nara anairde da bhfeicinn ann sibh,  
Is rabach do rasuing is cleite am bhaonda,  
Is fainneach do chaitfruint is meitiol seanda,  
Is le gairdeachus do ghairfing a gelos d'ar bprionasa,  
O! go hadhbharach 'ga laimh dheis da mbein na champs,  
A bhliathas bhrog mheidhrach ghreidhnach, ghreanta  
na nord;

Shalamnach, shoillseach, shaidhirghluin chrana na geol,  
Le meananna a raidharc an deidhmhio idir aingil is  
oighibh,

Go bhfeicimna a THAIDHAIG faoi mheidhir tu cana,  
taireacht leo.

## DUAIN AN ATHAIR SJORUIDHE.

An uair thagaing go tigh an tabhuirne is do shuidh-  
ing ann chum oil,

Le gasra ghlan ghreanamar bo mbeille gnith beoil,  
Da dteaghnuidhuin bo chaitis liom bheith eadtora  
meanamnach,

Is seannachus suilt aguinne, Bunch, Rainnoe, 'gus  
ceol,

Annna cleachtaibh sin bo mhaluidhte is bo mbeill-  
teach mo mheoir,

Gan aithne air an leanabh innig losa mo bhron,  
Acht searabus is ainribhfios, gan eagla na a-  
threachus,

Seo na cealaguibh do cheanguil mise a liontaibh an  
Leoin.

Athair ghil na Napstal agus aon mhio na hogha,

\* Young women.

† Capar.

Dó cheanuig sínn le carthanacht do chroíthe is do  
chloíth,

Mo cheasna a gceois go peanuideach ad phearsa-  
milis beanuighthe,

Dein taramuin go tathtiomhiach do dhaoine ann-  
gach gleo.

Bearta buile blaidearacht, is baobis ninn na nog,  
Go leasta liosta m'signe, agus minntinn do thoig,  
Gur cailag me, gur mealag me, gur dalag me, gur  
fealag me

Ann sa staid seo brise tathearta sa Ríche ghil na-  
gcomhacht,

A Bhanaltra mhaith mharthineach, a chaoin shearc-  
'sa stoir,

Beir m'anam leat go ceanamhuil glan aoibhina ngloir,  
Annsa Chaithir sin do dhaltá sa idir aingiolaibh-  
vflaitheasibh,

Is fé'd bhraataibh chirt a bparathas gheal dion me go-  
deó.

#### AN CEANGAL.

A mhór mhíle De ghildó saor air fad do dhaoine,  
A gcuadhtan naomhtha, cheusta, a geith na haoine,  
Fuaisguil fein do threid go feartach foillseach.  
Shas Ó ehraos na peiste ad chathair stroillseach.

#### DUAÍN NA TRIONOIDE.

Adapted to the tune of "The Flowers of Edinburgh," in Irish,  
"Blaith Pón Laidir"

Eisdeach gach colob san Eoruingo haochtach,  
Mo sgeolta go sgeithfíod don saogul gan spas,  
Aon mhic uile chomhachtach na troaire gur  
threigeas,

Ar ngloire uife ar ngear shearc do shaor sinn san  
phais,

A gceobhuire bhronntach, bile\* mbilis, cobhair an-  
domhain a ngluine ghile,

Fonn na vonn ar gcoingiol inig, Raeltion na ngras,  
U<sub>2</sub> bdar na feile 'gus pearla na diadhachta.

\* Good.

Ar gcaobh choman Iosa do agaoilfeas ar goas.  
 Ce leanag, do leanag, do comharthug, do caoibhag,  
 Do torthug, do treachug, a speirling me an ras,  
 Glaothfeadsa air chlo dh mo Chruidhtheora do  
 reidhtig,

An rod san na Naomh dhuin go seunmhar na bhás;  
 Ar gceana, ar ngreann, ar bhuirt is binne,  
 Ar bprionnsa is lonara, gin na Spioraids,  
 Ar nannsacht ceannasacht leinibh mhuire ar Phoe-  
 nix a dtraith;

D'fhuasguil go daonachtach, dearcach aithecht  
 Aoibhe,

Na cheusa air an gcaoin ehrois de haoine le gradh.  
 Na meirlig is mo agniun fa lochra na greine,  
 Gaob meon uile is eirlig na dtreithe le fail,  
 Mo leir chreach tar bheodh luit na ro lochtaidhe  
 ceadhna,

Mor churtha claonta mo cheas choirp si a gcall,  
 Is falisa dall me an dhuine air buile,  
 Is clamparach camh do dhuileas teine,  
 Dreamm na ndeamhuin sa chuibhe nime na gcaor-  
 thuin gan tragh,

Am shior losgo, am sgola, is am dhogha go daolaibh  
 A bpona na peine is na peistibh am chradh.  
 Deunam le dochus deidh-dheorach, deidh-mheir-  
 each,

Deidh-shamplach, deidh-bheasach tre threun thuile  
 gradh,

Go saorham an fobhar, go coroineach, go craobhach  
 Do thoigfig a reim sinn air thaoibh na deas lamh;  
 Ar Dtighearna cabhartha chamm an chine,  
 Ar Ndia, ar goombna-duinne cairfig,  
 Diabhal na cruibe luba liosta, sa chuidesachta dha  
 dinaith,

Lucifer aig ualthuirt, sa chualacht a sgreadhcha,  
 An sluadh dubh san seulaidhte, seunam go braith.  
 Ta an taon cheirdiebh dorduig, do chomharthug do  
 phreimhaig,

Mo storsa go seudach a blaodhma go breadha,  
 Da threadha go crogha, go horga, go heideach.  
 Is ceolmhar an chleir, 'sas Tedeumach gach la;  
 Fortuig, foir is seoil gan tuirse,  
 Do phobal bothar coir na croise,  
 Is le soilibh sodhcluis spórtach sinnibh salamach a  
 bpairt,  
 Tre dhurthacht d'ár man geal, 'ga huasal, go haoi-  
 bhin,  
 Is buaidhfig go briodhmhar linn Iosa aíl an namhuid.

AN CEAN AL.

Is creach tar creach an creach so chluidhaig gaodhluibh,  
 Creach do chreach fe chieacha a grioch Eirin,  
 Creach na gcreach aig clana an chloinn tsaoguil,  
 O! mo chreach nil meas na blas air dhlidhe De glúil.

## DUAIN AN TSLANATHEORA.

TUNE.—*Emon an Chnoic.*

Mo ghradha mo Dhia, mo ghrada mo liaigh,  
 Mo ghradha geal mo Thighearna trocuireach,  
 Mo ghradha milis Críost, is gradhaim uile a chroidhe,  
 Ma ghradha aíl fad tu a Rígh na ngloire,  
 Mo ghradha so do shuil, mo ghradha sa do shiubhal,  
 Mo ghradha sa do chladha is do chombachta,  
 Mo ghradha uile Ionn ce tam bunnscoinn,  
 Is na dearna ma chumha do chomhairle,  
 Mo gradha sa do Naoimh a naileacht sa nguimh,  
 Mo ghrain bearta is baois na hoige,  
 Mo ghradha sa ho dhlidhe a mbreadhtheacht sa  
 mbríde  
 Mo ghradha sa fa thri do shampla  
 Ar bhearnus dód rial le sglabbacht an diabhail,  
 D'fhag san gan chial me a stoir ghil,  
 'Sa Mhaistir na gellar, go rabach do riar,  
 Slannig sía a Dhia mo mhor luit.

Mo ghradha sa go leir do raidhte is do reis,  
 'Is do Mbathair mo Reallion eoluis,

Banrioghain na Naingiol, Banrioghain na Napstail,  
 Banrioghain na vfiatheas orgha,  
 Banrioghain an tsnuis, Banrioghain an tsoluis,  
 Banrioghain na geros, na georineas,  
 Is Banrioghain na agras a nann sgeibhle an bhais,  
 Mo ebrann diodhin is mo ghradhasa an Oigh ghlan  
 Mo gradha tu Aithair neamhdha na Naingiol,  
 A bhlaith ghlan na vfaithsa naolmhneas,  
 Mo gradhasa do leaca zlung gan aithis,  
 D'aitrig do cheart le caolmhneas,  
 Mo ghradhasa do theagug, taras is taithris,  
 Mo ghradhasa gach acht dod dhlidhe si,  
 Mo gradhasa gach agadh chraidhfeach do chaithim,  
 Ad gradha 'gus ad chairim Iosa.  
 Me ghradha sa an Huird neamhdha so ad-Chuirt,  
 Mo ghradh sa do chom do chlodh gheal,  
 Mo ghradha sa do thread, faigidhe na seud,  
 Mo ghradha sa do mheinn, do mberghacht,  
 Mo ghradha sa do phearsa ad phaisinn do cheanuig  
 Mo ghradha sa do Chaithir-cheolmhar,  
 A Iosa na vfeart na dorr me led cheart,  
 Is gur tu mo shollise, mo neart, mo dhochus.  
 Midhuig si meirlig mheillteach an-eirfig,  
 An bhuidhean buile, chraosach, choisreach,  
 Na straidhean do bhrithse naomhtha na Cleire,  
 Acht choidhe go faobhrach forsach,  
 Fuil Iosa da spalpa, an tsaoire da straca,  
 A sior agrios sa creacha a gcombairsain,  
 O! mo sgeimhle si an srian a dteinate na bpián,  
 Chuir na millte gach bliadhsa fael bhronn bhrutl.

An dream na vfoil tart, ampla 'gus arc,  
 Le sgaure na sgart da sgoladh,  
 A ndiagh shaidhbheas an tsaidhbail, an cloidhe  
 duth seil,  
 Is na ndaill ihte aige iodhta dhoite;  
 Casuigudhe mo chas air Pharathas gan spua,  
 Ta an peaca sa bas go gnotrach,

La an armuidhthe 'san bhaodhal damanta na dhaoibh  
 Beig-an tanam san na deanfe an fodhbhar glan.  
 Na Saesars bo theann a speirling na lann,  
 Da threineacht a geompaidhe a gcomhrag,  
 Is laochus le fonn na feine 'san domhan  
 Feuch na raibh ionnta ach ceo beg:  
 'Ta an saodhalso d'ar ndala, an saodhalso d'ar meala.  
 An saodhalso d'ar sgalla aig sgeonaibh,  
 Sennamid a namm a chlaon bheartih camh,  
 Is la an tseibh is sinn an chlann chompordach.  
 A bhanntracht an tsein thug annsacht bhur goleibh,  
 Do phrionnsa na naomb is da mhathair,  
 Is do leanus go seibh durthacht a-meinn,  
 A sampla go leir sa raidhte.  
 Na stadnigidhe go tslaith, lasnigidhe le gradha,  
 Preabnigidhe le gairdachus naomhtha,  
 Is gur gairid-dibhan la, na mbelth banaltra nangras.  
 D'ur nglaca 'steach a narns reachtioch.

#### AN CEANGAL.

Suatha an tsaoguil bhreugaig, bhraduig, bhróinig  
 Uaibhrig, eudmhar, claonmhar, chleasaig, chaoithig,  
 Mo thruadh thug traochta, caoeh le bara baoise,  
 An Sluadh na dreithe threig an leanabh IOSA.

#### AN PAIDRIN PAIRTEACH.

Staduig is sgeithfod sgeit na sgeultaidhe,  
 Air mhaomair mhalis Satan,  
 Air ghanguid, air ghearghuta dhaoithhe an gha-  
 daidhe,  
 Is air chlaon chuir chaitbidhe an chneadhre,  
 Do mealag leis cend tar cheudaibh a geathir.  
 Do leadhach go glan Diabhacht neamhtha,  
 If preabnig si o'n bpeist sa gheagaibh geanamruidhe  
 Peurla an phaidrin phartig,  
 Seachuig, seunaig. Seula an tsaduighe,  
 A bhreaga, a bheartuidheacht bhaidhteach,

Devil.



Dalaig an Daol la dearaihb aithridhe,  
 Is treigig taithidhe an tabhairne;  
 Leannig an Raeltion dhearcach dheadh-chroidheach,  
 Chreannda, gheal, ghrinn, gbrasach,  
 Is fa tharmuin Sgeibhe a sgeithe taguigidhe,  
 A threud an Phaidrin phairtig,

Aithanta De na raobach neach dibb,  
 Deanig leasuidhig laithreach,  
 Ur mbeatha go beasach, caobhnach, oneaschaoin;  
 Treitheach teas bhrigheach, tabhachtach,  
 Raohmus an tsaoguil sgleip is flaig-fhion,\*  
 Feuch gur neamh nidhe a mblaith sin,  
 Ni mhairfig acht threimse† taobh le taith niomh-  
 uidheacht

Puerla an Phaidrin pairteach,  
 Cabhair na goreacht go reig ar nglas shnaidhim,  
 Reim na ngaisgidheach ngradhmhar,  
 Do lasa chum laochuis leadhbach lachtaoin,  
 Craobh na ngaile gniomh chraidhfeach,  
 Mo pheanuid, mo pheinn, mo chreim, mo cheas-  
 nuidhe,

An taom so thacht dlighe an Phapa,  
 Is do thrascuisnig naomh script aochtach ainglidhe  
 Pheurla an Phaidrin phairtig.

Falt gan feile craos is calaois,  
 Cleithe is cleasuidheacht chainte;  
 Maluidhtheacht meine, treuh thoil theasuidhe,  
 Taosga Canaibhe is Cairtibh,  
 Bladuireacht. blaodhmun, baoth bhruid, braduidh-  
 eacht,

Preimh na bpeacuidhe chraig n,  
 Is Banaltra an aon mhic glaochig mar charuid,  
 Peurla an Phaidrin phairtig.

## AN CEANGAL.

Aistrig a Adhamh shliocht, Satain seunaigidhe,  
 Glacuidhighe grasa is gradha na Naomh Spioraide,

\* Flagon wine.

† For a time.

‡ Plenty.

An Paidrin, pairteach traith na treigigidhe,  
 'Sus caraid d'ibh MAIRE la na daor bhruide.

*Dochus Thaidhig san Maighdion Muire.*

Dibh si ghaothil bhocht do leughlead eachtara,  
 Ce cluidhte treith me cois taobh na fairge,  
 A geriochaibh Dheiseacha deanamh machnuidhthe.  
 Air phoimp is air chlaod churtha an tsaogail mhal-  
 uidhthe.

Luidhad ar gceile 'gus mead ar nainbh-fios.  
 A gcoidhsagar chaothach 'san eitheach spalpuidhthe,  
 Gan suidhim san geleir chirt, na an speir na na-  
 ttanta,

Do thoill mar cheile dhuin seula ar ndumanta,  
 An bhuidhean so is leir dam go sgeulach, sganalach,  
 Bruidheantach, brengach, taodach, tarcuisneach,  
 Gan suidhim an eigeán, na an eisdeacht aithfrinn,  
 Is do Chríost na geilid, mo leon do mealag iad.  
 Mo sgios, mo sgreach nimh an tan ghlaodhfe an-  
 taingiol sinn,

Sliocht Eve air aon-chnoc go deurach deacarach,  
 As croinn bbeig a dtreithe air gach eadán taraingthe,  
 Aig an gcloinn sin tbreigfios tu a purla parathaia.  
 A Chríost led cheusa go daor do cheanuig sinn,  
 Sgaoil ar ngeunghlais go dearcach earthanach,  
 A Chroidhe na feile-leig braon beg beanuidhthe,  
 Dod t'fhíor fhail naombtha aig saora ar nanama.  
 Air thigheacht an treun bhreithibh aochtuig fhear-  
 guig.

Goliombtha ar neisteacht beidh an speir air laso aige,  
 An taoide chraosach na caora dearga,  
 Tiortha is sleibhte na an tsaothail air bailidh chrith.  
 Guidhim tu a Raenion ghleigil gheanamnach,  
 Fa bhinn dosgeithe an gach baodhal me tharminn,  
 La an sgeibhle dheanuig pleig go daingion me,  
 Is air an dtaobh cledh sin na leig me a Bhanaltra,  
 Biodham go seunmhara glaodhach na Naingiolaihb,  
 Is choidhche glaodhach na Naomh 'sna Nap-talaibh,

Da'r ndidhean, da'r neireacht; go nglaodhaid sinne  
eadtortha,  
'Nar Saoithe seudach a reim na vflaithiosaibh.

### IARGNODHA NA NEIRIONACH.

Mo dheacair dubhach is mo cheasnamh cubhadh,  
an ghrain seo air ghaodhail,  
Do dheasga druipe, is le spalpa mionn a mbearnuin  
baodhail,  
Is le taithniomh d'fuit do shealbhuigh go hard san  
tsaodhal,

An raehmas ud do dhalan snile chach go claon.  
Is danoid duinne na leanan cursa is oail no naomh  
A mbeatha chubhartha, a ngaisge chludh-bhuil a  
radh sa reim,

A raith, a niompar, a dteas a nduracht, sa ngradh  
mar ghrein,

Do phearsa an phrionnsa na vflathas, turnag san  
phais a bpeinn.

A ghrasda ud do chleachtas unthuir, goch traith go  
treun.

A ngaisge an mhuinlig bhrocuig bhrucltaig, bhaidhig  
bhrein,

Casuig liomsa go, enesda ciuin, air ghrasna an tein.  
Is na mealach tnuith sibh, is gairid duinne an bas a  
gcein,

'Ta sgamail smaithe is bratuibh dubha, mo chas mo  
chreim.

Air Chealnibh\* duin na sailim thiun le gar Te Deum;  
Is lada chubainne fearg chlonn bheith tairr 'nar  
meinn.

Mo chreach, aig iompar an pheaca diompuig na  
Tainte a bpeinn,

### AN CEANGAL.

A bhia ghleigil na feile is Athir na ngras,  
Le'd naomhthoil do gceisgis do brathug chum bas,

\* Church.

A son mhic do shaoir sina o'n bpeaca sa phais,  
 Reidhtig na GAODHAIL bhochta is leasaig gan spás.

### DUAIN NA NAOMH.

O' Bhanriodhuin na vflathasaibh is tu mo chrann  
 bagartha,  
 Is mo chonnsleir caithiosach, do chuadheas, thar-  
 muin,  
 Is se m'inntinse is m'aighe si, O' na milte blaidbain-  
 da marfinse,  
 'Mimpire m'hear mhcanamnach, na deanfín tatharach,  
 Ní hionghna do dtugusa-taithníomh dbuit,  
 Mar is tu an choingial gheal-chriostalach bheanuidh-  
 the,  
 O' a Mhathú bhreadh ghrasach, is a Bhanaltra,  
 An fhlor mhic naombtha go daor a cheannig sinn-  
 A gbrianain loinnrach na Catharaeh,  
 Iar go-tribhar urnuidhtheach earthanach,  
 Air de chaobh ehuman **CHRIST** LOSA ar maluidh-  
 theacht,  
 Cléilamhnach, ehlam, ehraesach de dhearmad,  
 Es seachtach, la eirlig, la greaduidhthe  
 La daortha na meirlig, la an annuidhthe,  
 An la meillteach a deidbílfa an drammdamanta,  
 Mo sgeimhle o'a mkanntacht mhuimeach phri-  
 onnsach Parathais.  
 An Fribhleid ata thar chloinn De go ceanamhuil,  
 An-amsacht, an phairt ata aig an leanbh duit,  
 Cortha shíol Eadh da mbeich air m'anamsa  
 Do gheodhfasa o'd Oidhre a Mhuire a vahav dam-  
 Air a chuntas fein glaoibfe an aice me,  
 A ndon na ndreacht, na naomh, na naingíolaibh  
 Go croineach, croabhash, seudach, saltarch,  
 Da mhola le saodhal na saodhal ge marthanach.  
 A Bhanrioghain na haoine, 'san tsathruin aoibhin,  
 Tabhair eolus na slidhe dham, na'r ghabhus riamh  
*roimhe seo,*

Stiúraig me go durthachtach díreach.

Mar rin Raeltion na Rexaibh o'n Ríogheacht shoir.

Suas tuadúig leat ad líon me,

Go cuan na n-epstal na soillse,

Mar a vfuil maighdiona meidhracha an aolbhneas,

Is na martiúig do-lean Críost na ngníomhartha.

Na Patriarchaí aile athasacha go líomhar,

O! na Hapstalaibh 'sna Paithaireacha naomhtha,

Na Confesuiriúidhe craidhfeach adhbharacha is irde,

Is Dochtuiriúidhe orgha onóireacha na Diadbachta.

Na faige Subbailceacha go briodhmhar,

O! Naoimh Eiríonn is a Dte Deum le díogras,

Agus an Patriarch glormhar Joseph naoimhtha,

Na general chombachtach ceolmhar air an mbuidhean sin.

Níbhfuil pian na bron do lo na d'oidhche,

Fa ciach na ceo air chlodh na Sáoithe,

Mo chuis gaire a luthgha r sa nínntín,

O! Thrinoid oirdheirc ad mhola gan tsaocha.

'Ta an Chlir bhíeadh so a ngrianan gan díomars

A ngrianain sholusfar sholamh gan díoltas,

Grianain tar ghrianain an tsaoighail seo.

A bpalas na nadhleadhan sa Ríogheacht neimh.

Anso ata solais na solais go haoibhin,

Anso ata compord na gcompord sa taoibhneas,

Anso ata an trocuire an ghloire sa naoivtheacht,

Aig cualachta chubhartha Chuirte ghlí Iosa.

Anso ata Banríoghuin na Mbanríoghaidhe ar ndíon bhrat,

Anso ata Bantighearna na Mbantighearnaidhe ar gcaoin shearc.

Anso ata Maighdion na Maighdiona ar milseacht  
 Os a gcionn go leir na Raeltion shoillseach.

Iaruig si agus iaruimsi an ghuidhe seo,

Le hathchuinidhe ghradmhar Mhathair Chríost ghlí,

As tre thoradh do phais ia do bhais ortsa san mha,

'O! beir m'anam na Pheurla sheumbar ad riogh-  
eacht léat.

Shlanathroir! deinnsi annso deire air do dhoiné  
Do cheanútghis go ceusta daer le'd tbfiorfhuil,  
'O g'tac trád dhúin a Fhuasgultoir dhlis!  
Is a Chroidhe ghil na feile beir saor leat ad riogh-  
eacht sinn.

### DUAÍN NAOIMH DIAGLAN.

A Dhiaglain ordha onornig easbuig,  
Is ort thrialas go diadha na ndramuibh,  
Pobal geal De le cleir na sáilín,  
Is anguidhe dhuthrachtach úrnuighthach ad tegal\*  
'Gluaidhsid na sluaidhte go dtaguid.  
Fu bhantracht sheimh air thaobh ua-Faile.  
Ann sap-is samh grasach do ghabhuid,  
Na gcursaidhe go huiriosal cneasta,  
Is cialmhar clumbail a dtiúin sa dteagusc,  
Is rialta a ngreann os cionn na Mara,  
Is deach chroidheach a naithridhe sa machtnamh  
A Dhiaglain ghleigil air naomhtacht do bheatha.  
Iaruid do chongnamh san chonchus chum sea-  
samh.

Na vflorein aig síor-dheanamh an ghaisge;  
A Naoimh gúloin uasil fuasguil is freaguir,  
An chualacht bhect bhuartha so a nglasailh.  
Mar cheann air ar Gcampa ma thagair,  
A General ghloimbar, cheolmhar, chailce,  
Ni theistfúm o'd Ríge choideche san gcasmirt,  
Acht troidhfam go binn brioghmhar fe'd bhartaig.  
Deanfúm tre naomhnart ar Nathar,  
Eirlioch go baachtach air ar namhuid,  
Beith an machuire aguín feia deis an chatha,  
Is beig an la aguín go hathasachrad taice.  
Is beith garrtha, huzza aguín mar chantuín,  
Aparde da ladhach ansna flathais,

\* Beseeching.

A breith buidheachus leatsa aoin Mhic do cheannig  
Go daor sinn air mhaollin Chnoic Chalmhuir.

Red fhlíor-fhuil da sgaoile is da sgaípe,  
De-heine na min tsruithe ad tslada,  
Air an gceath Chrios 'sam spíodhee da ghreada,  
Ion da dhearnaacha gradmhara geala.

An te ohluineach go croimn-ciocrus is enaga,  
Na geasuir dtromm fodhalacha feala,  
Bo chruadh fa thri a-Chroidhe 'stig na cairg,  
Mar a silfeach go gear seunmhar tre'd pheanaid.

Níor bhíongna tre treineacht a thaithneamb,  
Da gcrithfeach na bhlaom ghreanta an talamb,  
Ion a theine 'na chaor chraosach air lasa,  
Le hamsacht B'IOSA Impire na Niangiol.

Da m'ughdarleighín-eifeachtach me am acfuin,  
Mar Agustoin caoin, Ciprian, is Baisil,  
Chrisostom, Phoil ghil is Pheadair.  
Eoin, N. Seum, Clement, is Bernard.

Do mholfing si go hard abalta an chathair,  
'Is rioga a reim, a goeim 'sa gceanus,  
A gcuing cheart leithim le cheile do cheangal,  
Is ceann na Rex ractíonach rathmhar\*

Bíoch gur faon an pheist an bheg me a bpratuin,  
'Sme gan spreidh a neifeacht na neagan †,  
Mo dhíochchiol dreacht, gleasfíod na ghlacair,  
O inntleacht bhaoth euganta an pheacuig.

A dheidh stiuir obírt, dheidh sgiuirseach dheidh-  
smachtach,

Dheidh chomhairleach, dheidh chombachtach, dheidh  
cheachtach,

Dheidh chuntaach, dheidh fbiuntach, dheidh achtach,  
Dheidh rasach, dheidh radhteach, dheidh reachtach,

Dheidh shamplach, dheidh lochrach, dheidh lach-  
tach,

Dheidh fuistneach, dheidh chaileach, dheidh chleach-  
tach,

Dheidh threudach, dheidh sheudach, dheidh shlach-  
tach,

Dheidh mbeingach, dheidh bheusach, dheidh bhleach-  
tach.

Dheidh choisreach, dheidh chroineach dheidh-  
chlanach,

Dheidh pbrionsach, dheidh lonrach, dheidh lanach,

Dheidh thionsgach, dheidh chursach, dheidh chea-  
nach,

Dheidh smuainteach, dheidh runach, dheidh ranach.

A dheidh mbathair, dheidh chraidhfeach, dheidh-  
bheathach,

Dheidh thall go deidh fbaisteach, deidh mbaiseach,

Do dheidh chlocha air do dheidh cloinn ghil tsair do  
dheidh mhasca,

Dlaglan orgha onoireach ar ndeidh easbog.

### *Buidheachus rem Thighearna.*

Buidheachus rem Thighearna ta Dia aguin mar  
gharda,

Is an ghrian-ghéal a Mhathair d'ar gcuimhdeacht,

Reidhfíg is riarfíg an chliar bhocht so tharlaim,

Aig iara na ngrasa is na foidhne,

Blaomach ar mbriarthe go diadha innig auing,

Re dian thuile grada dhibh 'nar gcroidhe 'stig,

Caoichsam is pianfam an phias nimb ar namhuil,

Do chiapan do chradhan sinn san chuidhsur.

Dion turas san trialfam fa sgia thuibh an ard mbic,

Re mhlanmhilis athasach aobhin,

Da reir is da rialacha cialmhara craibhteach,

D'iara agus d'aitriobh 'nar nintin:

Treigan an tiarna dubh diachrach do chraig sinn,

Go bliadhmantach san ait-sin an aidhbhlis,

Sennam na srianta so ata riabh aige Satan,

Mo chiach chruaig Tainte na thiompchíol.

Bíoch deirc agus rialtacht go fial glan go failteach,

Is go cialmhar a gclar geal na saotha,



'Gion t'end so mo dhlachair fa fhisela an bhreac.  
 Da goriathuirt is da gcaile aige daoithe\*  
 Bioch naomhthacht go hiarbhisceach iadtha 'nar  
 gcaile,  
 Is diagacht 'nar bhfaidithe is 'nar Laoithe,  
 Is go seunmhar fad sgiathuibh aThighearna naPaise,  
 Is as san-riarfur go samh sirne choidheche.

*Duain an Domhain.*

Is fíor gur combairle thar combairle na geudtha,  
 Mo combairle dom-choimhgus is dom-ghaodhalta,  
 Combairle chaoin de dhaoine an tsaoigil,  
 O! bheith ceanusa, carthanach, cneasa le cheile,  
 Biodham rialta, sugach, muinte, beusach,  
 Cíalmhar, clumhuil, ciúinn, deisgreideach,  
 Fíalthumbail, fáilteach, deadhthach, dearcach,  
 O's go gaisgumbuil, gradhmhar lan do-dhaonacht.  
 Biodham diogrusach, díreach, deidmheineach,  
 Diadha, dubbach, dúth-rachtach, deurach.  
 Chum go sasuídam ar nard Ríge 'nar gclaonta,  
 O! le aithríde orgha onoireach aochtach.  
 Biodham críostalach, críostumbal, síg heamhuil,  
 raeltíoch,  
 'Nar gcroíthe, 'nar geail, 'nar dtasg, 'nar dtreithe,  
 'Nar smuainte, 'nar ngníomhartha, is 'nar mbreathra  
 O's 'nar gcoinsias mar Phroinsias na gcreacht goeart.  
 Biodham sonabhar fíudhantach a combhadach na  
 Cleire,  
 Is go golanta eionalta craosach,  
 A fíthala na mbochtan so a ngeibhean,  
 O! 'ta air leatha aguin an sobhar is coir a dheanabh.  
 Biodhach anglidheacht is geanamuidheacht na  
 Maighdion.  
 Simplidheacht Cailm is gliocas na Peiste,  
 Umbluidheacht gheal úrisleacht pheurlach,  
 O! agus spioraid na Napstal air lasa 'nar dtreithe.

\* The wicked.

Piombach Sliocht Job 'nar gclach go clomha,  
 Is aithe hain aithis na hiontine a neimf heacht,  
 Tonnach, an aithneas, is seimheacht,  
 O! 'nar thora air ar aithis a mearra an bheacht  
 A shia ghl'ghormach, chombachtuig, naova,  
 Do cheannig an ehan, ad phais go daor sin,  
 A Phionna an ionig le'r cumag an fheile,  
 O! aithraig mise is an chine bheacht dhana,  
 Chom do tholla go aithhe seumbar,  
 Is deilghion marthanach maiseach do dheamh,  
 Is an aith san choga an loigthe leirgion,  
 O! 'la agad 'nar geoir, a stoir na treig sin,  
 A chrochaine na banaltran bheannidhte a gher-  
 sheas,  
 'Tarmen go taithniomhach Sliocht Eva,  
 Cumhnaig gur shulangs a leinb tu dhaora,  
 O! aith chruan na croive mbic maire d'arsaora,  
 Cumhnaig an oidhehe sul ar eugais,  
 Anon ngedin go ndearnuidhis an laochas,  
 An talu sola tre'd eholan do sheidis,  
 O! go huanal d'ar vsuarguilt on bpeist nimb,  
 Cumhnaig an bpioloir an pionas peine,  
 'Tulig mhile baile agus tuile air do chaoth chorp,  
 Is huanal do namhuid go seargach saobhrach,  
 O! dona sginiridhe d'ag tu tnaidhte traochta,  
 Machtuamb is millseacht do chinn do ceasrag,  
 Is ranan georoin spiodhne go liomhtha leasag,  
 Mor luit na Sleadh is na dtairgidhe craorag,  
 O! mo chuis cumhadh is m'adthuirse ad phearsa  
 aneinfheacht.  
 O'n dtir shoir thrial a goian na Rexaibh,  
 Is gan d'eoluidhe aig na Leoin Righe acht traekion,  
 (Is stabla an Aisil le na Diabharthaisidhe daora,  
 O! ad tadhra, ad tonorudh, a Chruiditheoir na  
 greine,  
 Anpla Breitheubh na mbreitheabh le seachint,

Is a throsge gan traith air an vfasach treibhse,  
 Eighearna na vfaige da chradha aige Paelet,  
 O! mo chiach tar barr na Bhradha aige Herod,  
 Go vfeiciod do Phobal a blosga sa blaoma,  
 A gerich an domhain le greann duiste aonmhie,  
 Is go brach gan a guinne annacht Teag niseideach,  
 O! go fioraonda cubhartha na lonra naomhtha,  
 Go vfeiciodsa le geal breadha le buidheachus,  
 Go fíor fhirineach, fíor shoillseach nar vfeidir,  
 Fíor oileadhán uachtarach uasal na naomhuibh,  
 O! do ghairín gan mhoill arís ortsa Éire.  
 Amm Noah thracht air an airc do dheanadh,  
 Bo sportach tainte a praisg sa pleireacht,  
 Níor chreidedar eachtra an Eagnuig aosta,  
 O! an tuilegur threasgur na Peacuig sa ngreithre,  
 Is mar sin don mbuidheán seo chlodheas an N.  
 Spioraid,  
 Gach maidíon is oidhche luidheas is d'eirgheas,  
 Nan speols a Saillim a bpaidir na a gce aco.  
 O! acht labhartha Lucifer líosda na mbeulaibh,  
 Is duine as na mílte míle is baodhaí liom.  
 Do choimeadas athanta ar Nathar gan raoba,  
 Na dhlíge go dílis soillseach seudach,  
 O! mar d'orduig Iosa CRÍOST da thréidtha.  
 Acht ganghuid is guid, brúid, uile is speirlín,  
 Tarcuisne thaire is plaig na peine,  
 Feall, díoghaltas díomus is eigeán,  
 O! seo iad na galuir le'r caillíog na ceudta.  
 Fuaith le fála a gceara plaosga,  
 A gerundhán chasmirt chaitha an aonuig,  
 A gcaptaoin crubach siuid gan seuna,  
 O! Satan stuirmach mursanta maomach.  
 Mo thruadh tu a pheacuig bhoicht aingis cad  
 dbean fíor,  
 Red chuime, red chleasa, red bhladar, red bhaoth,  
 bhírt,

Red m'hailis m'heillteach, red inntleacht eithfig,  
Red tuabhar, red phoimp, red bhaois, is red bhlaodh  
mun.

An uair thiucfaig an bas ad chaible ad chaocha,  
Go deimhim le fail nivfuil spas na rea agad,  
Da fhaid do rithfir red chuirpeacht eist liom,  
O caithfirse ad chríoch do strioca is geile.

Tíoranach cealgach, maluighthe meirlig,  
Dothuileach, doracha, doraingeach\* an eirlig,  
Goirgeach, gionach, bradach, breugach,  
O! cinnte ceatharda ad bheatha so leadhfur

Is tu an sgeimhle, an sgaluire, sganalach sgeulach,  
Gruama, gortach, troideach, taodach,  
Stuacach, stualaob, eiotach, caotach,

O: cuidhisgrach eamnerach, clamparach, craosach.  
Abbruibre bbruideamhuil dhruiseamhuil, eudmhar,  
Bhruidheantuig, mhejsgiumhail, leisgiumhail, leun-  
mhar,

Ttaidhsig, ainvfiosaig, bharbra, spreuchas,  
O! fail Ríge na vflabís, is eagal la na tsleibh duit.

Mo theagusg duit, casa air do leas go haosga,  
Is na coduil ad spreas a nglas gan reidhteach,  
No ma nír beir choidhche sínte sgreachuig,  
O! an lthfrioun saidhte ad chneadhre chreimtheach.

Le crogacht chraibhtheach laidir leudmhach,

Ad cholán go ciocrach fíochmhar tráochta,

Marnig mughta, rutadh, is preumhaibh,

O! do phaisiúla dhúna is beig an sonas ad teidh-  
reacht.

M'athfás adbhál † an Tathair sa Cheile,

An cupla cuirpe cuirfar da bpleusga,

A dtínnte a dtéannta na splancachaibh breuna,

O! Mo dhochur da ndoidh go deo sa chaorthuin.

Seo an fath a ngrcadfar, na stracfar, na seidfár,

Coigilte a geuighthe chuire na ndaoluibh,

A glann go tiubaisteach tugaid sa sheula,

\* Froward.

† Very Great.

O! aseilibh dhubh dhiachrach an Diabhail mar eiric,  
 An chlann tre chaithios a gceanas sa gceile,  
 Le hannsacht urmach dhilis do dheanas,  
 A Nathair sa Mathair go sathaach seanmhar,  
 O! beig soillse Pharathais aco mar leadhthar.

Acht an chlann mo'cheasnabh, gan eara gan cadach,  
 Go criona caite lag dealbh do leigeas,  
 A Nathair sa Mathair air fán sa tsaothl.

O! is iad fein go rachmasach, ceanusach, craoeach.  
 Seo an chlann do thuileas bheith uirensbach aonuir,  
 Is malacht nimh mbiosguiseach thuitim na gclaon  
 chuir,

Malacht na Napstal na Sagairt 'sna Heigsibh,\*

O! 'gus Malacht gan leighios da leigha na nábran-  
 nuibh.

Mosna sa an alcme do mhairios is d'eugas,  
 Iona bpeacuidhe marbhudh maslughá De ghil,  
 Conabhdhíthe salachta, bréacha breunadh,

O! iona vfuil stumpa a ndamanta le aithint na  
 neaduin.

Gach cluas go clisde do chloinfios an dreacht so  
 Air chloidhreachtaí chach gan srath do sgeith sa  
 Is deinnhin doibh go doite, bronach, braonach,  
 O! gur míliun measa mise na an chuideachta  
 cheadhra.

Toig suas taigne a pheacúig na beiníg,  
 Go mobhrach, méidhrach, greidhionach, gleigeal,  
 Misneamhuil, mentamnach, fiosach, fíoraonda,  
 O! is na cail do díoroin air mhoment sgleipe.

Ma's liadh do pheacaidhe na peacuidhe an tsaoil.  
 Fear an talaimh ar ghainimh 'sna raelte,  
 Is nise na fairge maithfe mac De dhuit.

O! ma iompúighirt ad taitiridheach dheidh chroid-  
 heach naomhba air.

A Righe na rann sheannda thug saor leat,  
 Maois sa champa cabhra o'n Egypt,

Tre mhounthaibh na mor bhochma gan smeide,  
 O! re cortham fa chlodh throcuireach do sgeithe,  
 Cneasuig ar gneadha, 'gus slanuig a neinfheacht  
 A Mhicpharathais bhreadha ghradhmhar ghil eist-  
 linn,

Is go Salamach samh atkasach glaothuig sinn,  
 O! fad bhratugse air laimh shubhailcioch dheas  
 taobh leat

Dubail seacht am cheacht do cheuduibh,  
 Is tre cheud na gcomhar don gcomhriobh cheadhna,  
 Dis dhathad bliadhain, bliadbain is aon deith,  
 O! sin an bhliadhain d'aois Chríost am laoi seo  
 dheanaimh.

Or thus in figures—

}	1400
	300
	80
	11 are 1791.

### SLÁN LE EIRE.

Mo shlán le dathrach D'EIRE is do ghaothán  
 bhocht le gile ghradha,  
 Is mo shlán le duithe dheareach glan Dheiseachadh  
 uile ghnáith,  
 Mo shlán le Dan na meith bhreac na seimhfhear is  
 na mbroingiól mban,  
 Do thrachtach liomsa air naomhthachtan aon mbic  
 san dfuilaing País.  
 Mo shlán go dhuith don chleic mhilis naomhtha  
 na ndhíthe is fearr,  
 Is mo shlán don Phríonsa leadheanta na feile do  
 thúilean barr,  
 Is faillteach, fiuntach, feustach, de ghleusach do  
 culadh shamh,  
 Is mo shlán tar triuch da threithe go Paoracha an  
 tsuilt le gradha.

Bloch tainte tuidin air Theudalbha caomhchrute<sup>a</sup>  
 a gcuideacht ard,  
 Is danta a nduntalbh ghrein ghuith na feine la  
 sinnibh Baird,†  
 Ataimse tnuith go treunmhar go mbearfuir leatsinn  
 tre'd bhas.

An taras shugach sheudach go seunmhar a Mhic na  
 ngras.

Bloch tasg is elu craithreimeach go haochtach  
 aguin 'mar gcaill,  
 Is bloch-craidheacht chubhartha raectionach, pheur-  
 lach ionuinn le fall,

Nait na mionn so ageithear san tsogal na stuirm  
 plaigh,

Thug ratuidhe dubha is daor bhruid sna geurgh-  
 lais seo 'nois d'ar gcradha.

A gclar luio-thuirlin seula dubh ceusda na gcoin-  
 giol bhada

A tnaith na dtrup san taomach, thug cirlochaibh  
 uile na mbragha,

Go tairr se diompugh ar laochaibh na meirlig le  
 buile ghrain,

O Mhadhistir mhuirnis reidhtig se an treud so gan  
 file air fan.

Faith mo chubha le treimhe na sgeulta so aguin  
 na ras,

A naitriobh Mumban ‡ gan geile do chleir chirt na  
 cion le spas,

Mo chas san chumtas deadhanach ni saotfar do  
 leinibh Aamh,

Acht an began ud do ghlaofig Mac De ghil air dheis  
 a laibh.

Mo shlan go binn le Baruchaibh, is cois maratheas  
 mar a mhioch mo thracht,

Mo shlan go croidheamhuil carthanach le Cathar  
 innig Loi na mbad,

<sup>a</sup> Harp.

† Poeta.

‡ Munster.

Mo shlas don bhaidheam le'r thaithniomhach mo  
sheanachas air Righe na ngras,  
As gach la d'ar-modhal go Salannach le m'anam bocht  
sa guidhaig a bpairt.

## AN CRANGAL.

Mo sheanagad\* bhadaibh gheal ghrathmhar ghruis  
lonrach,  
O Mhathas go sail-gan snaithe cluda iompadh,  
Acht earan slinilt bhlaith go saingeach fionnbhealach,  
Thabhairt le-badha go brach dom chlumbail phrionasa.

*Fiosiridhe an Bhrathar O Bhas go Beatha.*

'Tameannana mheidhrach shaidhbhir air aingiolaidh,  
Greidhean air Apstalaibh, is rainnce sada aco,

Ora marchas oruin Seodhan.

Is n' taise e don mbaighdion bhraighidgheal banaltair;  
An deighmbic bheannigthe, soillse air lase aice.

Ora mar, &c.

'Na slathais go leir is aoctach aitiósach,  
Penduir sa chleir ghlan gbleleigeal gheanamnach,  
Is elgue an tseanchuis, threithig, thaithniomhuig,  
Is le gaodhal is greanamhar, geile ar neaguilseach.

Ora mar, &c.

Is meannamhach, milseach, atar ar Maighre Magdelen  
Single Canticles linn go carthanach,

Ora mar, &c.

Fialthe na foidhne, Feidhlin Feanachuin,  
Rainglig ra na suilt d'oidhreacht eagana.

Ora mar, &c.

Is saltarach seodach-teudtha† Parathais,  
'Psalannach, seannamhar, naomhtha cantaireacht,  
'Ta feile chalthiseach threun 'nar ngasara,  
Is le aoch tri'm eachtra, me an sgleipe eadóra.

Ora mar, &c.

'Le clannibh an chloidhfe Gaill na Bratuine,  
Is greidhian guirt greadtuibthe an baidhte chai-  
leadar,

Ora mar, &c.

\* Sixty.

† Harp strings, &c.



Na dallaimh seo deighilte, meighilte air mearaibh,  
Is neamh bhinn leo an tatharach\* grinn seo d'aithris.

Ora, mar, &c.

Ni mar sin don tread na'r threig an taith-frion,  
Is do leanas go raeltioch reir na Natheanta,  
Da eidgeacht gheanamhuil, glaodhid an leanbhsan  
Na cheusa cheanuig sinn, is baachus feasta leis,

Ora mar, &c.

A gcealaibh† na Creidhle a mboill na Banaba,  
D'aidhin go carthanach a dteinnte air lasa aco,

Ora mar, &c.

Na'r a fada go vfoidhamna leighios da marion,  
Don chloim sin Chalvin na raidheach fad tharmuin,

Ora mar, &c.

Ni searbh mo sgeuble greinh shliocht ghaigeamuil,  
Rabuirneach, Reixeach, eideach Alabuin,  
Is gach Phœnix d'easguir do phreibh ohirt Chaisil  
Na'r sheun an rachmus na an Spre seo aguinne.

Ora mar, &c.

Is danaoid do spreill an fheill le'r spalpog,  
Mo threighid na leabhair le'r thoill a bheith da-  
mant,

Ora mar a gcasaig le Seodhan.

An Teannuire taidhbhseach chraidhrag cheanan,  
Gach aoine stracan an tsoill le'r mealag e,

Ora mar a gcasaig le Seodhan.

A Mbanguire mbeirig bhreun do mhalartuig,  
Tabharthus De air an Saogul maluighthe.  
Gan bhreagna bainfur na Caorthuin chnagarnach,  
Treun as bathas do Pheurla a Smaluire,

Ora mar, &c.

#### AN CRANGAL.

A chlannabh sin is caileamhnach na breine stubhal,  
Mo cheasua thug le haithfrion mhic De bhur geul,  
Mar a gcasa sibh go fearamhuil, is baodhalach liomus,  
Go lasfur libh lasarach aige Peiste dubha.  
Na fauig si go tarcaisneach le tearma thabhairt,  
Fa easguine nu vflathasaibh tar eis a ndubhairt,

\* Change.

† Church.

Bladaruig an leanabh san go naomhtha air dtuis,  
 Do cheanuig sinn go peanuideach, is reidhfe bhur geis.  
 Da mhaslathracht, da bhasgathacht bhur mbreatha buird  
 Da dhamantacht, da mhalathacht ur bple le huirid,  
 Da chalcathacht ion bhur geoidheacha, cras is druis,  
 Ma thagan sibh le haithreachus, sin saor bhur geis.  
 Na measuigi gur aithreachus beg baoth a dubhairt,  
 Acht aithreachus tar aithreachus an tsadhail a gcuir,  
 Aithreachus a shaid mharfe sibh deanabh cumha,  
 Do ghealfas mar an sneachta san bhur ndaoluibh dubha.

*Ghomhairle Thaidhaig dona Críostuighthe.*

Diultuighmid, diulghmid, diultuighmid do Shatan,  
 Diultuighmid do dhubh shoighaduibh is do chrub  
 chlaoinmhar an chneadhaire,  
 Diultuighmid do shuistidhaibh uile, is do sgiúrsidhe  
 aibh nimh ar namhuid,  
 Ee dluth dhiogras do ghnúis naeimhtha, chubhar-  
 tha, Iosa ar Maláir.  
 Umbhuighmid, umbhuighmid, umbhuighmid don ard  
 Mhac,  
 Umbhuighmid go humhal aeibhin le humhleigheacht  
 da mbathair,  
 Is dubhinighmid chuig mhíle tiuin bhíon le gradh,  
 dhi,  
 Is fompuighmid go humhal chroidheach air ghíus-  
 tis na ngras ngeal.  
 Eurtuighmid, lonruighmid a Phrionsa Iosa ad  
 lathair,  
 Go buadhach briodhmhar, subhach soilheach ar gclu,  
 ar ngníombartha, ar gcaile,  
 Stiuruighmid go buiríosal, eiuin croidheambail craibh-  
 theach,  
 Ar neoin\* chríona le cubha naomhtha, is a gcúirt  
 Chríost beam pairteach.

*An Paidrin Pairteach.*

Admhuighim fein don saodhal gur pheacuidhear,  
 Is d'aon mhac geal chioch mhaire,  
 Sealad dom shaothail a gclaontacht staruidhoacht,  
 'Sa raoba ceart dlige an Phapa,  
 Munabar beil gan speis an aibridhe,  
 Is leam dheisc ni altuigheach Paiste,  
 Acht a muga 'sa sgleip fa threudta an Phaidrin  
 Naombtha ainglidhe phairtig.

Is gach duine 'nar mein leis eisteacht seal linn,  
 Le treithe ar bpaidrin pairteach,  
 Seachnach Beithe, \* craos is malis,  
 Breaga, braduighe is caine,  
 Aifrion De na leig na failidhe  
 'Gus deirc le deadhechroidheacht dearnuig,  
 Is go maithfig mac De go leir na peacuidhe,  
 Tar eis na haithridhe thainig.

Is nach damanta an sgeul don te na smachtuigh,  
 eun  
 An pheist bheocht bheadnighe ata aige,  
 Is go unbeig curtha sa chre 'gus daol a teacht trid,  
 Fear agus sneachtuidhe fas air,  
 A nionad gach meile meith na haltaid,  
 Do bhearfin Banuidhe Bradha dibh,  
 Go mbfeara dtaobh De dhoibh caol deoch glas dighe,  
 Is eisdeacht an Phaidrin phairtig.

Is cuma liom fein cad e an taobh na leacfidhear,  
 A bpein no an aicid bais me,  
 Acht go mbeich duina dod chleir do ghleasfioch  
 m'aibid,

Is ceir do lasuidhe air chlar dham,  
 Fioluir aig eibhe is feithe a gcrannuidhe,  
 Is mo chreachta aig madraidhe sraide,  
 O ghlacadar me fa sgeibh a mbratulghe,  
 'Saig eisdeacht an Phaidrin phairtig.

\* Young Women.



## DUAIN.

*Air ghrain, air ghanguid, air urchoid, air mhalú, air mhaluightheacht, air tharcuisne fíor sganalach na fíor chreachadoiridhe seo, viz. Peaca d'ur diabhlaidhe na Druise, agus Peaca miosguisach, miorumach. míoch-umanach an Mhunhair, le peaca míochríostomhuil na Míonuidhe mora do thoilíos pianta síoruidhe ithfríon don anam.*

A Pheaca na Druise a Chu dhubh chraosach,  
Gnaith fhuath eagnach m'anama go leir ort,  
Grain mo chroidhe choidhe dhuit a pheist uimh,  
Be dian ghradh do losa Críost do shaor síln.

Ca liacht Imvire is Ríge go raeltiach,  
Prionnsa cogaig chosnamh go haochtach,  
Is diuic mear mea cantu. Seabhlac ts Saesar,  
Dfuaidighis na sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Caith-Mhíleadh\* calma craosach,  
Is iarla orgha bo leonta a laochus,  
Tighearna Tíreadh, is Taoiseach treunmhar,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Biocont fiontach feustach,  
Is Barun comhachtach sroileach seudach,  
Ríoduire rainncíoch, croideamhuil craobhach,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Canuire laidíonta leir ghlic,  
Captaoin ceannasach maisiach is Major,  
Giúistis gairmthe, is Faruire faobhrach,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Siulairé sultmhar is speir bhean,  
Breadh urach, glasshuileach, gleigeal,  
Stuairé Stait is Badhab bhég sgleipeach,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Bruingíol do shinneach air Theudaibh,  
Púirt is Tíniú go sugach treitheach,  
San bliobla go liomhtha do leadhfeach,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Maidhre meidhreac maorga,  
O'g bhean chumtha is Caidlún neata,  
Air ambíoch eul cas buclach, dreimreach,  
Dfuaidighis na Sluadh eior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Sgaíuire is Sealgairesaothrach,  
Spíeraidumbail spórtach, olach, aorach,

\* A Soldier.

† Viscount.

Is aingir dheas dhiadha rialta treibhse.

Diuaduihlis na Sluadh cior dhubh daor leat.

Ca liacht Cathair gheal rachmusach, Rexeach,  
Do loisgios, do leaguis mar Cathair na Trac\* shoir,  
Sampla an Cathair sin Sodom le suneide,  
Doighte aig Aingilaibh bheanuihlthe an aon mhic.

Sampla Hanraoi na gcampuidhe chaochuis,  
Is O'Murchu Laighin ad mhadhim do thraochuis,  
Do bhiniob do bhailig 'nar mbailte lucht beurla,  
An Oileadh an fhodghlas fodla feine.

Sampla solusmhar Solamh na ceile,  
Is Daibhi do d' sglabhuidheacht thug geile,  
A Ghlutaire shialuig do tharaing na sleibhte.  
An Didhlin air an domhan bhronntach bhronnach,  
Da nairmhinsi ar basuidhag gan bhreag dam,  
O'n Righe go Rain le plaig na peiste,  
Ba sgannra sgiosmhar sgeimhle an sgeul san,  
Do chuir choidheche a geith sa sgeil dibh.

A Pheaca an Mhumbair, mhursaire, a mbeirig,  
A mhatuightheoir mheilltig an fheill san eirig,  
A Chonabluig chaoithig sios do sheidis,  
A vurneis phiantach na ndiabhal da geusa.

Mor chuid milte do dhaoine an tsaoguil,  
Og is criona tre na cheile,  
Do shlogair, do shladair, go cananta a ndaorbhruid,  
Air sodar na saithe leat treasgurtha an tread san,

Is ni shasuihenn a ndearnuighis do leir sgrios,  
Oruin led chruca a chrunga an eithig,  
Tu fos gan fleadh air an geuirpeacht cheathna.  
Is gach amn arr air ehlana Aamh do dheasamh.

A pheaca na Meona thug glaum aig gaodhluibh,  
Go sgannlach sgallta fallsa na mbeulaibh,  
Do chealg do chuibhrig an chiune bhocht dhaona,  
Na udraimuibh da ndinge go hithfrionn daor leat.

A Theangacha thubaisteach churaiceach chreimeach,  
Feurtat na croise gan sgrupal do spreuchas,  
Flaithis na naomh shoillseach mo leun ghuint.  
Is do spalpas gan suidhim losa go haosga,  
Do bhronus do choigeau is do chroicion na steigibh,  
Taibid chuirp, teasnuidhe is teadan,

Do cholan go cioerach, do chroidhe is do pheurla,  
A seilibh na ndiabhal ndiachrach da leusa,

\* City of Troy.

† Power.

Tuile dod ghníomhartha Críost 'sa chreuchta  
 Banaltra an Uain uasal aochtuig,  
 Is an Taithfríon gan dearmad air aon thur,  
 Do mhasluighis led-mhalis, a neirfheacht.

Ca liacht boltaidhe slabhraidhe, is geur ghluis,  
 Go searbh na sior chuithreach mar gheibhíon,  
 Air ndream sair na splannacha breuna,  
 De stracuis, do straoilís go hithfríon daor leat.

### DUAIN CHROIDE IOSA.

Gile mo chroidhe do chroidhe se a Shlanatheoir,  
 Is ciste† mo chroidhe do chroidhe se dail am choir,  
 O's folus gur líon do chroidhe dham ghradh sa  
 stoir

A gcochal mo chroidhe do chroidhese fag a gco-  
 mbhad.

Air fhulangis tridhne a Ríthe ghil ard na gcomh-  
 acht,

Ní thigean am smuainte a slúidheamh‡ na thracht,  
 a gooir,

Is gur le gora ghoin niodh do chroidhe is do  
 chneadhsa stoir,

Da bhrostaig na mílte saoi§ gesamh fe chroinn.

Athair is Iosa do dhidhean led bhas mbeo,  
 Is do dhealbh mo ghnaoi gan chriochua caird ad  
 chlodb,

Nach danailra an gníomh a Chríost na'r ghradh-  
 sos,

Acht gach tíle mídhe na mbíech do ghraín don sort.

Air shealbhúig Maois dod dhlíge se a bpairt an  
 tslo,

Dob anamh mo chroidhese sídheach na sasta leo,

Acht fáta 'gus frioch nímh, eraois is carna stoir

Le heasmuilty|| gach naon is na mílte cain bo mho.

Le hatuirse clúaoite, súidheamh a ndearná geo-  
 bhad.

\* Treasure. † To prove. § The elect. || Reproach.

Taisdiol gach Taidhre a gerfochaibh Ailbhe is  
Eodhuin,

Aig aithris mo ghníomhartha sa caoi le gartha broin,  
Is a sgreada go sgiosmhar tríd a tal na ndeor.

An uair a chasadsa arís le d ghuidhese a bhlaith na  
nord

Fe tharmuin CHRIST is didhean a ghrasa an  
chombad,

Beith garbh chuic fhraci na liodhag do chradhach  
me reom,

Na machairidhe mine síoda is na mbanta stóil.

#### AN CRANGAL.

Air fan ce bhiosa a Ríge ghil naomhtha o neamh,

Go craidhte thrídhne a slídhne nach leir a mheas,

Doghradh a CHRIST nior mhuighis gur raob an tsleadh,

Aras didhin ad chroidhe don tsaothair air fad.

#### Comhairle Thaidhig da Chairde Ghradhach.

Mo theagúg a dtraith glacúig le gradha,

A ghasra bhán bheusach,

Is na fanuig air fadha fada faoi ghráin,

Acht casuig go samh eendach,

Air leanabh na ngras le na pheanuid san phais,

Do cheanuig go lair dhaor sinn,

O bhathas go tracht† an alus a chneadh,

Le suil bheanuighthe bhreadha a naomh chuirp.

Na bainig le gnírr tharcuisneach thairr,

Anacrach airr éirilig,

Do thabhairt go brach d'ar neaglais ghradhach,

Níl taithniomb a dlasg‡ meirilig,

Mo cheasna is mo chus, do theasguir an bas

Flaithes agus fas na Feinge,

Sampson is Joas is na Faithig sa ras

Is nior theasúig acht spas na Césair.

Seo an tabhar, an fath, mo dheacair ata,

Le searg an ard mhic naomhtha,

iFearthuig gach la na gceatheana Pladha,

† Foot.

‡ Report.

§ Klaga.

Air Bhanaba bhaitheach bhreugach,  
 Ar maluighthacht ghnaiht do tharaing d'ar dtuaithe  
 An smalaraic smail seo air eire ;  
 'Sa dhalta na vfaig, glac feasta ion do laimh,  
 Go cartanach gradbach na Gaodhail bhoicht.  
 - Lasuig gach airt cathaireach stait,  
 Is beig na-flaithais go tlaith air treun chrith,  
 An fhairge air larr an anfadh ie ard  
 Caitheamh a caidhte caora.  
 Na sgamuil tar barr a casmuirt 'sa cradha,  
 Is caraguil airr aig speartha,  
 Air ghairm chloinn Aamh go Josaphat la,  
 Chum beatha na mbradha d'eisteacht.  
 Galla choin shaitheach neartmhar neamh spleadhach,  
 Is gach aicme rin praisg air Ghaodhalaibh,  
 Namhuid gan sabhar do stracus gan chas sinn,  
 'Sdo thachtas le Cuaib-chuir cendaibh,  
 Cad dheanfid an la ud an bbreitheamhnus lan-chirt  
 Na mbeidh Breitheamh na ngras da ndaora ;  
 Tri'd bhanaltra a mhaistir na naingiol beir slan leat  
 Na treibhibh seo Oileadh na Naomh geal.

## AN CEANGAL.

Is eaglach siomsa buile Ruathar nimhe,  
 Do laso na luisne ghonta aig sluadhite an Riche,  
 A vfearanaibh Luire idir shliocht na Hraisle bhai,  
 O ! is go mheith trasguirt oig Tuire air chuip na  
 mbuadhchnullidhe.

## PIARAS M'GEARTILT.

Sgeithfid mo chlaon bhearta deistionach broin,  
 Don eileir chirt sin Phoil is beanuighthe cail.  
 Is mar do gheillios go headrom do chraos agus d'ol,  
 Do bhreaga do mhoid is do mhaluightheacht ghnaiht;  
 Do threig mise bhearta na naomh is na nord,  
 Le leir ghean don tsagui is do chlaon rachnus  
 dreoil,



**N** nior fheuchas mar a ceasag dam aon mhac no hogha,

Le daor pheanuid mbor na tagan liom tracht.

Is bo shaothrach me breuga gach speirbhruingiol og,

Le smeide: le poga, aitos is pairt,

Is gach naon-aco gheilloch dom-bhrega is dom mhoid,

Bo dheurach na dheoig sia, 'sdoh aingis e gail,

Na dheidh sud do threig mise an taon chreidiomh coir,

Dfuiġ me faoi dhaorbhruid a ngeibhean sa mbron,

Raoba mo chreachta 'sa spreacha mo dheoir,

Chum aon mhac na gloire am chabhair om namhuid

Mar a vfeuchuin dom cheile is da treud mhurar og,

Do ghleasfuid don Roimh is as san don Spaing,

Is don Egypt ce baosta me dennamh an roid,

Go daor chnoc an bhroin sin Chalvery an airr,

Do threigfuid an saoguil sa chlaon rachmus dreoil,

Is do gheilfuid do leine 'gus d'eide don ron,

Mar cheusa air mo chraos chorp do dhaor me go doe

Mar a vfeuchfe an Rìghe glormhar orm a dtraith.

Do threig Peaduir naombtha tu aon mhic na hogha,

Is nior sheunuis na dheoig sin air taithniomh is pairt,

Is an te chuir an gheur tseadh trid thaoh geal a stoir.

Do gheillis chum gloire thabhairt na sgaith,

Nior gheill Magdalena dod naomh theagusg coir,

Thug leirghean do mbeirdreachus, craos agus ol,

Do shaorais trid dhaonacht an naomb bhean darnodh,

'Gus ceud peaca leo, 'san bhean o'n Gcanaan,

Nil traocha air do dhaonacht na claocha\* go deo,

'T a reim agus combachta is rachmus ad laimh,

Is fe mar do naomhais na ceudta so reomhuin,

Saor me led ghloire is tabhair dam pairt ;

Gach geur chnead. is geibhean, ceusa 'gus gleo,

Is mein leatsa a Dhe gbil do leir chuir am choir,

Geillfiod leam shaodhal doibh go saor sultfar sodhach

\* Change or alteration.

Is reidhtig si an rod dam go Caithir na ngras.  
 A Leabhar na ndreuchta naomhtha so agam am  
 ghoid,  
 Aithchim is eidhim, is glao dhaim air dbalta na Hogha,  
 Sonas is seun is braon o fhlaithas na geombacht,  
 A mula gach naon do chaobhna taruigt do ehlodh.

## APPENDIX.

### AIR LA AN BHREITHEAMHNUIS.

*Adapted to the tune of "Nora Ni Aille."*

Sgeithfid le tuirse ansa dreucht so le tuigsin  
 An teacht ionntach nisim go fíor cheart an sgeol,  
 Don treadtha so bhrisíon 'sdo raobon go minic,  
 Naomh reacht mhic Muire do ceusag nar gcuis,  
 Is na geillíon da dhlithe go nengaid air mire,  
 Am eibhe na cine aig caoi ghol na ndeoir,  
 An uair a glao dhfur gach duine traochta fa licibh,  
 Is baodhlach go gcurfur gachnaon díobh da ndoigh.  
 Do reir mar a sgríbhíod cinn leagbanta na cruinne  
 Air la aochtach na stiúr mbeilltíoch faoi bhrón,  
 Ní bheith raelíon na tuitfe o speurtha le mire,  
 An ghreín gheal gan gileacht, tre mhúsguile na ngleo  
 An Ruc mhaiseach níosid go leir dearg luisneach,  
 Na Caorthuín air buile tre sgeimhle na clodha,  
 Bheig air an saogul go buile, sul do leaghsfe mae  
 muire,  
 An daor bhreith le binib, air threudta an dobroin.  
 Beith an an saogul na theine, ceud sgreach 'go  
 gach nduine,  
 Na sleibhtí le buile leimrig 'sa da doigh,  
 Gach coill ionsa gcroinne le sgeimhle dha mbrise,  
 Is aithbhne 'gus srúithe aig buithre faoi chumba;  
 Ní bheith cathir na titfe, na earig na brisfe

'San talamh air críocha is da lósga na smol,  
 Is tetis na dtuilthe a blaoma ona gríniol,  
 'Saig eirighe go luianeach le stiurm an lo.  
 Beith eanla na eroinne aig sgreachaig le tuirse,  
 Is eaisibh na linge aig leimrig gan deor,  
 Gach beithuigheach is duine aig eimrig le mire,  
 Is aid na gcaorthuin 'gan teine chraosach da ngoidh,  
 Beith toirneach ar ligint, is splanncaibh le fuineamh,  
 Is fuma 'ge tuingibh le síosma go leor,  
 Beith tuamuidhe dha mbrise, is luathre gach cinne  
 A gclodh dhaona air shinnimh bhual\* aoichtach na  
 nglor.

O's le treineacht na gúitbe on Trumpeid da shinnimh,  
 Clann Eva gan moille eirgheoid na gclodh,  
 Is aig aon a deith síthchíod is tríleis mar tháile,  
 Beith gach 'naon aconisim go fíor cheart am sgeol,  
 Níl diabhal dubh sa Chuire, is olíar gheal Ríghé  
 nimhe,

Na trialfego mulla Sion chnoe na mhron,  
 Is gach treudta dar imig as an saoghalso gan síle  
 Beid a neinf heacht as coinne aon mhac na hogha.

Ní beifeacht ar dhimídh dona sgeulta so míosas,  
 Go leaghfe Mac Muire an daor btreach gan gho†  
 Air gach aon dream do bhríon 'sdo raoban a dhlighe-  
 the,

Mar mbeirtig air mire 'sna straoican da ghlót,  
 Dearfe le binib le Traitors na gcurtha  
 Na'r gheile dha dhligithe tre chlaonta, ro mhór,  
 Teigheach gach naon aguibh uile san chaorthuin uir  
 buile,

\*Ta na caor lasa air fiucha 'sgan síle go deo.

Is aoichtach le míosin mar sgreuchuid seo uile,  
 Dál a gcaosucha buile da lósga faoi bhron,

\* Trumpet.

† Untruth.

Is ona ngaothalta da roinge bheig a neinfheacht le  
 muire,  
 Air thaobh deas a Leinbh is choidhche na ghloir,  
 An uair a ghlaodhfe go soinean an dream naomh-  
 tha le gile,  
 Do gheile dha dhlidhthe is do threig riamh a nuim-  
 haid,  
 O's ni feidir le penna chinne leagheanta na croinne,  
 A chuir a vfeirim na dtaigsin a naoimbneas go deo.

*Mota na Maighdion Muire.*

Is mein liom a sgruda ann chuntas a laithir,  
 Le comhna on ard mhac is gradhmhar na ríogheacht,  
 'Air Raeltion do naomhag a ngle bhroing a mathar  
 An taon bhean dob aile d'ar thaine sa tsaoighal,  
 Peurla fuair grasa san am nd ar tharla,  
 An Ríghé geal na meadhan ghlan lan mhaiseach ghnaoi,  
 Thar bhauntracht gach dream deas sa gcúirt mhor anairde,  
 Ce ionntach le nairiomh a mbreadhtheacht go síor.  
 Ce soillseach e Phoebus is lonrach t an Easga\*  
 Is greimhmhar t au Raeltion air speir ghlan na suidhe.  
 Venus fuar cla mhor o Ughdair agus Baidre,†  
 Is Helen an bhanchuis eluir arr air an Traoi†  
 Níor thionscúin an Tard Ríghé aen cheam díobh da aille,  
 Bhí ndeallra le Maire le breadhthacht a gnaoi,  
 Bílís mhaighdion is mathir dheigh mhic na ngrasa  
 Do thuirlin sa Stabla le Nolas for.

Bo bhucalach, bo pheurlach, bo leabhair deas e craobh-  
 fhoit,  
 Bo mhodhail geal gan eadhluing a beudán tais min,  
 Bo dhlaga thar mhór shliocht a nuas chughain o Adam,  
 Ceile na ngrasa ion larr ceart a croidhe,  
 Ceannsa ciuin gradhmhar, gan aon locht na caile,  
 Do phlur sgoith na Bpatriars, is ban tle air craoibh,  
 Bean annsacht gach dream ceart bhion durtach da sarr  
 mbac.

Tre ghreann glan le pairt leis, na sag faig na saoidhal.  
 Bo lan gheal tar Gheise|| gle chinis deas Mhaire  
 Peurla 'nar fhas ann Patrum na Naoimh,  
 Raeltion is naomhtha 'ta a ndaenacht a nairde,

*Moan.* † Poets. ‡ Troy, a city. § Good. || Swan.

Air shlabh ceart an ard fhlaith laimh leis nasuidhe,  
 A sian sathach criostal lonrach chum Righe na vflatheas  
 d'iompar,  
 Croidhe seare don leanbh muinte do thuirlin na broinn  
 An bhanaltra chnasda chubhartha, do chleachtaig  
 Cantics ghreannuda,  
 Is n'ar pheaeuig leis an antoil sgeursa fada a saoidhil.  
 An uair labhradar Faigibh faisdion\* na gle bhean,  
 Nior bhionna liom Phoebus da leimfeadh go gcroidhe,  
 Is lasaracha phreaba sa ndearg-mhuir le treine,  
 Le taithnionn an Raellion bheith na Céile'ge Criost,  
 Is gach aingil gheala lonrach a Gathair ghreanta an  
 uinhal mhic,  
 Faoi mheas an Athair ionnuict na Chuir ghtan na suidhe  
 Da dtagach seal na Dtrupaibh go di an aingir nhaliseach  
 mhuinte,  
 Ni chuirfeach orm ionntas air a tuirilint sa teao!  
 A Bhanaltra is aile a mbreadhlacht sa naomhlacht,  
 D'ar thaine sa tsadhlao o soune don siel,  
 Geanannach gradhmhar, pairteach tar aon bhean,  
 Is muinte le beasa neirtheacht le suidheamh,  
 Dion feasta m'eam suniteach o chaith an pheamheall-  
 tach,  
 Tre sheare do leanthuig damhsa go duthrachtach od  
 chroidhe,  
 Is mar charáil cheart ann chais si, a Pheurla ghreanta  
 gheannmhar,  
 Beidhtig me sa namn ud na dtamhasfar mo ghuionh.

### PAIS CHRIOST.

*Tunc.—Seadhan O Doir an Ghleana.*

A dhic ghil na vflathas dfulang peine agus masha,  
 Air gheurchroisad threasguirt go fíochmhar gad namhúil  
 Is tu fe chlaon smacht na naime do cheus tu le peanuid,  
 'No gnr leigis na gaise an dsor fhúil od chneadhla,  
 Ta' bhair-reim dam ad Ghathair naomha na maise  
 A Pheurla na naingiol do thraochag sau hpais,  
 Air eaga dam bheatha air ao Suagal gan mhartuin,  
 Mo léir chreach do cheangail na mílte da ghradhla.  
 Is feuchach gach pearsa le geur ghoin a dhearca,†

\* Prophecy.

† Very pure.

‡ Eyes.

Mar daorag tre athis Mac De ghil na ngras,  
 Is gan aon chuir le casa le naomhthacht a bheatha.  
 Ach gan geile don aicme do thraoch e chum bais,  
 Air a ndaor chrois do leathag a gheuga go fairsing  
 Is gan bhreugna do lasgag clodh-fhaorbhar\* na la  
 Is na dheagh san do stracag a ghle chosa deasa,  
 Is tre na chaol throughthe treasna ceann trenn eile  
 Tar eis na meirlig da cheangal le claon bhearta ag  
 Is e go leireach lag caite tre mhead a mhor chnead  
 Cuirag geur shleadh go daingion tre na thaobh  
 cealag,

Is raobag fíor threasna croidhe glegeal na ngras;  
 Ni raibh aon phiuc gan straca ona cheibheas go ta  
 Is caol tnuith dful dhearg a seide as gach ait,  
 No gur traochug d'ar ndeasga aon mhac na vfiatha  
 Air a ndaor chrois fe mhasla 'gus peine gan spas.  
 Do bhi Raekion na mainne aig eibhe le naice,  
 A craobh f'holt da straca le maig agus cas,  
 A caor ghruadh gan lasa, a caomh roisg aig freasa  
 Is a sceinh dheas aig casa o Mhuire na ngras,  
 Tre na haon mhac do cheangal air gheur chrois g  
 gion,

\*Sna ceudta dha threasguirt is da gheara gan spas,  
 Mo leua ghvirt an pheanuid do leir ghoin a huan  
 An uair a leigag a Leanbh creuchta 'na lamba,

Ni raibh aon ne dha Apstail ce naomhlitha bli ml  
 Air feadh an leiragrios do sheasamh 'nar threig  
 Seadhan.

No gur ghlaodhaig an san Peadur air aon mhac i  
 thas,

A chlaon chuir do mhaifniomb 's go ngeillfioch go l  
 Thug eisdeacht go thaireacht da eibhe le taitmion  
 Is le seibhe gan ghanguid do mhaith dho gan spas  
 Is na thaobh san chuir a bpratuin do mheirlig an  
 An te ghlaodhufioch air feasta go reighfioch a chas.  
 A Mhic bhanrioghaia na Naingiol gan cham di  
 bheatha,

Tabhair annsacht le taitmionm dam anam le pait  
 Is na leig me a gcaithibh do gheilfeach don bpeaca  
 Mar is prey me gam nanuid am eilliv do ghua  
 An saodhal so do dhalan na ceudta is do mhicalan

\* Sharp Nail,

† Shedding.

Na feig mise-chreacha le na claonta go brath,  
Ach glao dhigse orm feasta fe'd sgeithe go marthuin,  
A saorthudh na vfiathas dam anam a dtrath.

### MAILIS AN TSAODHAIL.

*Tune.*—The same as the last.

Aa te dfeuchach siar is machnamh air bhearta an tsaothail le tamal.

Is clanna gaodhail mo mbairig lan de gach claon,  
Aig madu Chríost le sgannail, aig brise dhlighe gach aga,  
Aig deanamh gníomhartha feala le gardachus gan cheil,  
Níor bhiudhna leis go leagfeach Ríge combachtach mor na vfiathas

Sgiursidhe troma air phearsa agus cradmas da reir,  
Gach dream do dheanan sparuin le míoscuis chruaig eham slada,  
No fíor fhonn buan chum chreacha is gan chas ortha na thaobh.

Aa uair thugaim feia fe ndeara gach cros is buairt is aingis,  
Fuacht is fan go deaibh air dhaoine bochta an tsaothail,  
Meith Thuirc mhóra air íasa chum brise is ruaga is creacha,  
Do dheanamh ortha le cealg, is le grain air a meinn;  
Tuigim go deimhin da stadfeach Críostuighthe an domhain da mbearta,

\*San mháil cham do sheachuin, le gradha do mhac De  
Go mbeich raith is seun go boban, is beanacht na naomh an fhochoir.

Air clanna Gaodhail go folus, tre ghrasa an Spíraid Naomh.

Go deimhin, is aite vfaision, meisge bruidean is trasguirt,  
Mionuidhe mora dha spaya, is guirsgíubhlacht bhreun,  
Idir chomharsa ghaodhail is charaid, leannidhe Chríost na vfiathas  
Thug fuil a chroidhe na gaise, d'ar saora o gach pein;  
Diultuidhuig doibhseo feasta, troigigibhe si an peaca,  
Is gradhaig go fíor gach pearsa, an larr ceart bhur geleibh.  
Is ce cruais ata oruibh glasa aig Clanna ghaill seo dalug,  
Reidhteois Ríge na Naingiol bhur geas as gach creim.

Ní fada uailb díbh geituum, an tain a mbeith na Cranaibh,  
Ata leann is ramhar da leaga, \*ge laimh dhíoltus De,  
Is cloidheamh na vfeor da ngeara, idir ruta, búrainne is bhara,  
Is tad go leir da genaga a larr teine chraos;  
Na dhíad-sa beig air hsa creidíomh Chríost fe nachmus,  
Fe suaimhneas mor air talamh, an uair chaidhfur an saodhal,  
O Ghaill is Gaodhail an pheaca, fíadhle chaoch an Charsaín,  
Is chuirf tad agcarcar lan dhíth le daodhail.

Use seo críth na hpeacuig is na ngail 'ta caoch na mbeitha,  
Do threig an Tighearna seartach\* is do chraig íriann na Gaodhail,  
Mo-chomhairle deisig feasta bhur mbearta baos na leauuig,

\* Powerful.

Bannaig choidheche an peaca is gradhgíde mac De;  
 Toigig suas go tapa bhur suille chum na vliathas,  
 Is laraig sibh do sheachuint go brach arís o bhaol,  
 Gach díoltas trom da dtuitfe air an saodhal go luach mar stuiras,  
 'Sgan bhreug air an dream so air mire na lan rith air strae.

### *Comhairle dona Mnaibh Oga*

A chailíníthe Oga, diaga, ata le riaghlacha Ríge na ngras,  
 Bigidhe ciuin taís banumhail cialmhar go dian lasa le hiomhaí  
 gradh

Faising shuarach spigach air bhur neadach na bloch go brach,  
 Na bhur geinn go gaugach piacach, mas nítan libh na vliathas  
 dfaidhil.

Spoirt is ceolta an tsoghail seo, treigigidhe le gradha do Dhia,  
 Na'holgfhir bhoiceach seunaig, no geille sibh do chaithidhe an  
 diabhail.

Is gach easlin fós 'ta speireamhuil, is baolach dibh a géfasuidh-  
 eacht dhian,  
 Mar ata cas an pheaca claomhar, chum staona don namhuid  
 riamh.

Na nísig léitidhe cheile do nonne da efful sa' saoidhal,  
 Na bigidhe cainteach breugach, na sgeipeach air fuaid bhur  
 dtighe,

Is gnátiach bhur naoid'gan traocha, bheith bhur seide chum  
 bearta naois,

Aig lara bhur gcial do chaocha go nollgíoch d'ur bpeacaidhe  
 arís.

Mas mian libh fuireach an cheile, le geille agus gean do Dhia,  
 Bhur snualta bloch go naomhla, is n'ur mbreatha bloch  
 ceart is cial,

Bloch banumhlacht air bhur neadan, is bhur geomh chraith fe-  
 riail,

Aig Iosa Críost bhur neidhriocht, is eistig le na chomhairle fhiat,

Bhur suile bloch go narach le gradh ceart do Ríge na Nogh,

Bhur gearidhe bloch breadh glan, 'lan saas le Dia na geomh-  
 achi,

Seasuidhag amach go lallir, is sarnig bhur numhid gach le,  
 Le cumán cuoin agus pairt mhaith d'ur Slanaighlteoir 'ta na  
 nghloir,

Na bigidhe gaigimhail taidhbheach, na bladhmanach na coimh-  
 chach,

Ach ceansa socair cialmhar, is seibhialta le gloineacht chail,

Canadas an tsaothlú na hiarig, ach trialuig air Ríge na ngras,

Ace stiureoig sibh go dinga go éilargheal na geoinniet bhan.

Go slathas De 'nuair raidhas sibh, is grínmhar a bheig ur sport,  
 Geuinidheachta aobhin naomhtha na Raeltion is binne ceol.



**Beig** Iosa Críost ann taobh libh d'ur neidhreacht le taitníow-  
mor,  
**Oe ceann** gach aluadh dha aoirde 'san Ríoghbean na suighe 'nur  
geomhar.

### *Glaine na Geanamnuigheacht.*

**Ata** aegul beng agum da sgruda na bainean le bhochta an-  
tsaolghil,  
**Ach** dona Cailinidhe geanamnuidhe muinte do cheangal go  
dluith cheart le Críost,  
**Beid** a ngradam 'sa gceannas na dhuithe, tar Ríghthe 'gus Duic-  
idhe na gerioch,  
**Aig** eantaireacht salaim le duthracht, a mola na Trinoidhe go  
lor.  
**Beig** gach Maighdion glan ghrianmhar le naomhthacht a gcuid-  
eachta an aon mhic go sior.  
**Agus** ceol aco níos gleodhte na 'ge aon trup na fadfe lucht  
Celle\* do shing,  
**Beig** coroin aco se ghloire go raeltioch, is coroin eile mar eiric  
mar dhíol,  
**A** dtaobh sportaibh is oigfhlir do sheuna, is ceangal do dheanamh  
le Críost.  
**Is** O mhaighdion ghlas mhillis dheas ghradhmar do thairling  
mac naomhtha na gcreacht,  
**Is** air mhaighdion cheurt gheanamnuidhe phairteach, do chur  
comruidhe nithathar sul d'eag,  
**Ní** bheig Maighdion thug griou do go trathumhail, is do dhiul-  
tadh da cairde air an saoidhal,  
**Na** beig go meidhrach a gcoinliocht le Maire, is Críost geal na  
ngrasa air a taobh.  
**Nach** nior go m'fheara don oighnhaol, ceangal is posa le Críost,  
**Do** thbharfeach gradam is na fathais go deo dhi, is ceannas thar  
a mhórshliocht na ríoghacht,  
**Na** bheith go baingis da cathamh go vfeochuig, go liobarsach,  
lopach na saoidhal.  
**Aig** iara clann bhocht shomplach do thoguint is bannsach 'ga  
Nothchar da cluidheamh;  
**Na** mealach bhur. Nathair go brach sibh, na an banftra thug  
gradh dhilbh na croidhe,  
**Chun** posa le oigfhear sgufanta da mhuinteacht is dambreadh-  
thacht e shlidhe,  
**Mas** an uird díbh le duthracht do Mhaire is gur meon libh í  
ghradhchunt 'nursaidal,  
**Beig** muinte le humhluidhtheacht go craibhtheacht, is geanam-  
nuigh le pairt le go crith.

\* The married.

Gaeil oig labhraingiol mhuinte cheart bheanact na ceanglaing na  
 saorai go raibí,  
 Le fórsa, na air chumhaire na naostach, ach a mheir: do dhean-  
 naibh le gadaibh,  
 Dou Rígha geal do claidheag air a agraí chrois, do fhaibhairnaig  
 aithneas air thocht doibh a nait.  
 Le gadaí anuas fúthla thar bheathibh, bli na mbanabhairde  
 Bheagla go baa.  
 Is aing le as breadha ied le feobairt, gach mairbhion ghla  
 naomhaila na mairbhact,  
 Le aithne air Mhuire lea 'neineacht aig ceisteachacht go nait is  
 go caitu  
 Beig a nanaunailb aios na an gheir leas, is mara air a nait  
 go baa,  
 Is da nait a aigibh go bas div, si hieofach lea a aigibh  
 do baa.

### *Duain Choirp Christ anro Tsacramint.*

Ais aigil baa aiam le naitir do chaire.  
 'So do gach mairbh naitir eile do chaire do naitir,  
 Is a naitir do cuire chum baa dait.  
 Air chaire na aigil le cuman is naitir.  
 Ger fhaig aig ar naitir sul cuire chum baa e,  
 A chaire fola 'gus fola go comhairleach na naitir,  
 Anro tsacramint bheanactir na mbeatha na naitir,  
 U'ar naitir bhocht fann lea gach an is aigil.  
 Bheir ar Dtiarna lea naitir dhiadhaict is naitir,  
 A naitir gach naitir 'gus d'ithes a naitir choirp.  
 Ma bheir naitir aithreachus trid an phoca do dheanabh,  
 Is naitir lea naitir air ar mbeatha na dhiadhaict.  
 Naitir e naitir do naitir bheir air naitir na tsacramint  
 Is naitir gach naitir le dhiadhaict a chaire,  
 Na naitir le fann chum cobar do dheanabh,  
 Go di an gcomairle bheanactir chum a mbeatha naitir.  
 A dhiadhaict na naitir go earthanach naitir,  
 Go di corp geal Christ chum bheir 'gus mor naitir  
 Do chur 'naitir naitir leis an mbeatha so thogaint,  
 Gloire Parthais bheir aigibh go mairbh.  
 Taguill go naitir naitir an naitir,  
 Dheir Rígha geal Mhuire le cuman a threaire,  
 Naitir naitir 'guin chum naitir do theora,  
 Naitir na naitir 'naitir aigil na naitir.  
 Naitir naitir, droithleabhartha, droithmhulute, mor sibh,  
 Naitir naitir, tagarach, tagarach do dalach,  
 Naitir naitir bheir earthanach naitir, gleodha,  
 Naitir gach naitir is naitir an naitir.

Ma's glogarach, glagaireach, gaigubhail, gairgeach,  
 Frochubhail, fealltubhail, fallsubhail, faingeach,  
 Beith sibh cialmhar, criostumhail, criodhbhrudhach, craidhfeach.  
 O'n Gcomaoín bheanúighthe seo chathamh le gradh dho.

Ma's caisteach, calaisteach, casaideach, cagach  
 Meillteach, munabhrach, mustreach, mastreach,  
 Beith sibh cialn-deas, caoin tala, sítheamhail, sáda,  
 Failteamhail, fearamhail, banumhail, badhmhar.

Ma's peadhcumhail, polmpeamhail, sainteamhail, statmhar,  
 Sgleipeamhail, sglíeamhail, drúiseamhail dana,  
 Beith sibh seibhumbail, seoldhmhail, gníomhumhail grasach,  
 Gníomhail, fearumhail, meodhumhail, manta.

Ma's cruaidhte, calcuighthe 'gan bpeaca dha dheanabh,  
 Is seula damanta air bhur nanam na thaobh san,  
 An Chomaoín bheanúighthe seo de chathamh le naomhthacht,  
 Sgriosmhar go greanta a sgamall go leir dibh.

Gach am do mhása sibh go danartha d'ortha,  
 Righ na Naingiol dfulang peanúid da'r saora,  
 Maithfe gach gníomh dibh tre bhrígh a chreacht,  
 Leis an Gcomaoín seo chathamh go carthanach naomhta.

Is mo Maighdion bheanúighthe, gheanannach, raeltíoch,  
 Is martíreach crogha bo leonta, laochsua,  
 A gcúirt na vínthas go cantareach neata,  
 O'n Gcomaoín seo chathamh le taitníomh don aon mhac.

Is mo Aingir dheas mheanannach, chaithíseach, chorach,  
 Is oigfhear groidhail, gníomhail, comhachtach,  
 Do threig a gcairid is da cheangail le Orduibh,  
 O'n Gcomaoín bheanúighthe seo chathamh go ro ghlan.

Is mo peacach tiubaisteach, buirbeach, boiceach,  
 Meillteach, mealltach, fealltach, forsach,  
 Do bhuaig air a málúighthacht le beanathacht go cheart,  
 O'n Gcomaoín seo d'íthe go minic mar lon doibh.

Is mo Cleidhre cleasach, bradach, boithreach,  
 Blíteach, sladach, curthach, coisireach,  
 Do fuair bas beanúighthe sa sanam go ro ghlan,  
 O'n Gcomaoín seo d'íthe go minic mar lon doibh.

A dhaoiné seo thagan 'sdo chathamh le gradh dho,  
 An Chomaoín bheanúighthe seo go carthanach eiríbhtheach,  
 Na bloch le naithríocht an aicme seo laimh linn,  
 Gur beg an tairbhé do bhainisam go brach as.

Bigidhe deagh-mhuinín, ciuin deas nareach,  
 Banumhail, ceanumhail, fíumhail, failteach,  
 Diaganta, riadhaila, is cialmhar manta,  
 Is bhur gcroíde an lusa le carthanacht ghrádhmhar.

Na bigidhe clamparach, canncarach, craidhte,  
 Buidheantach, poiteach, sportach, praisgeach,  
 Breagach, barabrach, feargach, cnaideach,  
 Na spalpa na miona do bhriseach-bhur gcail mhaith.

Seachnuig na peachig seo bhion cleasarach, claontach,  
 Munabrach, barabrach, bhadarach, breugach,  
 Oitach, imirthach, siosmarach, sgleipeach,  
 Cainteach, cainteach, sainseach, saodhaltach.

Bion an diabhail, an dearmad d'ar meala gan tmocha,  
 Is cuid de chlann ta anso domhan so claontach.  
 Mar a ndeanfaim faire air a gcaithidhe leantach,  
 An Chomaoin bheanighthe seo ni ghlanfe go heug sinn.

Ma ni sibh mo chomhairle is diultadh doibh seo  
 Is an Chomaoin seo ghlaca gach seachtmhuin do gheodh sibh,  
 Glanfe bhur nanam go taithniomh ro ghlan,  
 Is stiuroig go sor sibh go Rìoghacht na Gloire.

Mo ghradha gan chrith tua Chrìost na gcomhachta,  
 Is ghradha gach nduine dhuit dithean an Ion so,  
 Fe-gradha Tathar is do Bhanaitra ro dheas,  
 Go mairf hiom go slor ann Rìogheacht na Gloire.

#### AN CRAN AL.

A Rìghe ghil na ngras d'falang bas d'ar saora,  
 Is a Mhaighdion ghradhach 'ta lan do naomhthachta,  
 Na leigig air fan go brach an treud so,  
 Do thagan go miùte is d'ithean an feusta.

#### Duain Puise Iosa.

Is ole e an peaca, agus is clao e threithe,  
 Agus mo e ngis do thuilean duinn go crith ar saoga,  
 Is malach Iosa go slor go daortha,

A nifron 'shìos amearg daoil d'ar geusa.

Ni fuir a mhaifis go deimhin do spreaga,  
 Mar do dhun na flathais is dee chamuin na ceudta,  
 Is do thoill duinn grain an ard Rìghe naomhtha,  
 Na fadfuide shasamh go brach an aon tsidhe.

Ach le feil an Uain ghil do ghlae colan daona,  
 A mbeinn na Maighdion Braighid an N. Spioraid,  
 Is do cuirag chum bas go eraidhte ceusta,  
 Air chrann na croise chum sinne do shaora.

Tar eis do sealad do thabhairt sa tsodhalso,  
 A rfochuir a Mhatbar sa Phatriarc naomhtha,  
 An umhlughacht mhor ghlan mhuinte bheasta,  
 Carthannach, geannannuidhe, glan eroidheach neata.

Do sholg se 'apstail chum teagusg do leaghabh duine,  
Do leighios gach nduine a thinnios go haoisga,  
Do rin gach maithrios don aicme do cheus e,  
Is do cheangal don chrannge as comhuir gach aonne.

Is oic e an peaca, machtnaig air treibhse\*  
Is air shaint an duine do mhealan na ceudta,  
Is do mheall Iudas crum a Mhaighistir naomhtha  
Do dhiol air bregan thug bas na thaobh do.

Tar eis an fealla so san mhaluighthacht aochtach,  
Do chuadh Righe na naingiol chum machtnamh a dhean-  
amh,

A ngardin na Nollives istriur leis a neineacht,  
Da dheisgiobail bheanughthe na chuideachta taobh leis:

Ann sa do thosain air na flathis do shaothru,  
Do dhramm an peaca bhion ceanguilte a ngeibhean,  
Le nallus fola do dorta na braonuibh  
Anuas go farsing air an dtalamh go heachtach.

Do mhor e dhóilias, is dóirtaídhe daora,  
Le Iosa Críost aig cadine air a pheine,  
Is air mhead ar bpeacuidhe tre mhalis leuntach,  
Is air luighad ar ngradh-dho tar eis a shao-thuir.

Air leighad an tairbhe do bhaifeach na ceudta,  
As tora a phais na. Bhaís air a ngear chrois,  
Air mhead ar vfaillidhe air fhaibidhe dheanabh,  
Air leigheas ar nanama ghlaca le naomhthacht.

Air an maslemer do gheobhach da dheadh san,  
O shluadh na málacht is na uniona eithig,  
Aig spalpa na croise is Chríost a neineacht,  
Is da cheusa arís gan sgith le heugheart.

Air fhuir began na n-éoine saothrumbail seannmhan,  
Do bheidh na ríogheacht na suidhego naomhtha,  
Le huirreatha teacht le teas go gleusta,  
Go di an Sacrimint combachtach morgach feustach.

Ni fiongsa a Chréidhe bheith cloidhte traochta,  
Sa chorp gan bríge sa chlidhe go treith lag,  
Aig na cithibh fola dhóirt se le peine,  
Aig smuaineadh air a Pheas sair ghrain ar gclaonta.

Ba ghairid go dtaine Judas an Treatuir,  
Na cheann air an sluadh mhor na meirlig,  
Is do thug do pog mar chomhartha daortha,  
Go stracadis leo e le forsa is foircigeán.

\* Some time.

Seo mór do tharla don ard Ríge creaclitach,  
 Da straca na ndiag go dian le teaduibh,  
 Tre garh ait go dtaine na Faolchoin,  
 Gnuig Anna is Caiphas, sa bragh air sheirse.  
 Smuaineach feasta lucht an phreaca do dheanabh,  
 Air a liacht tuisle is buile trom treumhar  
 A liacht masla gus aithis, sa liacht engcheart  
 D'fhulagn losa Críost o'n naoid seo cheis e.

Aig siubhal na slidhe dhó sa naoidg an traocha,  
 Do straca na ndiag faoi phian is chreachta,  
 Da bhula le na ndorn is le na geosa neineacht.  
 Is da leaga air an dtalamh le fearg go faobhrach.

O! se Naoi an truaik e an Tuan geal-naonihtha,  
 Go hocht hronach faoi dbudhet nead peine,  
 Ceanguilte na Bhradh na chradh 'nar dtaobh na,  
 Na tigan do gradh na pain na dheadh san.

Smuainig arís le croidhe truaikbheiliach,  
 Mar threigadar Apstail sa charaid go leir e,  
 Da fhagaint gas na giudaig trúpach mheirlich,  
 Do thng go di an geuirte, o Anna go Cephais.

Anna thosnadh na Crochuiridhe craosach,  
 Air Chríost do thriadhil le sáididhthe breiga.  
 Aig deanabh a geumais go cuthach chum daotra  
 Is gan an dara duine aco teacht na cheile.

Níor vfeidir leis a ndiabhal, na le cciar na peasa,  
 Da mhead e mhuile sa teine da peine,  
 Nibhus no maga na sealla do dheana,  
 Air Ríge na Uíne na rin an treud se.

Do bhuidis nite air buile go heachtach,  
 Da bhuala is da bhrugha gan chuís air aon ehur  
 Sa cathmín a seilidhe sa reumuidhe breuna,  
 Steach air aigha gheal shoillseach na greina.

Niblisuil tos aon mhasla na'r cathag a neadan,  
 Is e na sport aig an aicme mhaitighthe bhreagach  
 (F) na' ríe an radhare e sgeibhiliach sgeultach  
 Agas na chradh ge meiridig.

Seo is eas chloim Eva,  
 Mhla anath e cursaidhe peira,  
 Thorgach glíormhar, naonihtha,  
 Da dtagan tim an peaca do dheanadh.  
 Trom do labharán air aingis an treud na.

\*Witnesses.

Do bhli air buile chum donuis is daora,  
 Do dheana air Chrìost geal croidhe na feila,  
 Do dhoirt a chuid fola le dochur dar saora,  
 Is measa go mòr lucht nabhair is cada.  
 Lucht mèige is leige, lucht feille is eithig,  
 Lucht buairtha is buala, lucht suaithe na breiga,  
 Lucht saithe is aibhleas, lucht cailte air a eheila.  
 Lucht na mionn dar dìomh is baodhal doibh,  
 Lucht spalpa na fola doirtag air gheur chrois,  
 Lucht Dia is Mùre thiomuin go heachtach.  
 Lucht leabhartha thabhairt a vfearg sa neitheach.  
 Lucht faoisidin is comaoine na deanan,  
 A bpeacaidhe chur sìos ceart gan sòn cheilt,  
 Ma run leasighthe air a mbeatha na dheadh san.  
 Na fos doighnìos croidhe na doirtidhe deiraidh.\*  
 Gach am dothagan lian a samhuilt seo dheanadh,  
 Is mo an masla an sganail sa daora,  
 Do thugam do Chrìost croidhe gan sòn lecht,  
 Na thug an aicme so thrasguir e air gheur chrois.  
 Casam airis tamal a machtuamh sa frachuin,  
 Air na pian ta marbhtach, maslathach leumhar,  
 D'fhulang se a niam tar eis an Feallaire Cephas  
 Do dhul a bhaile air thabhairt na daor bhseith.  
 Go di la na treithe na creithe na ngeur gholl,  
 Teach na trian na bpianta ni leaghfar,  
 D'fhulang se an oidheche sin an slidhe na seafinn,  
 A innsint dhihi sa naoid dha turaocha.  
 Nil an sot malathacht na tarcuime bfeidir,  
 A neugmuis gach masla tìng an Rabble da leasa,  
 Na tugag do Iosa is e go cloidhte traochta,  
 As gan caraid a naice ach Peacuir do sheun e.  
 Is mòch air maidin do thanguid le cheile,  
 Na Giudag fhalbha dream gan daonacht,  
 Is D'fhiosruig do Chrìost ar bhe Iosa Mac De a,  
 Thug se ortha freagra go tapa na'r bhreag e.  
 Do thuigadar an san na'r cheart e dhaora,  
 Na chur chum baid go brach ndeanfioch  
 Pontius Pilate deimhin don sgeul san,  
 Agus le mghdanas san e chur da cheusa.  
 Do stracadar leo e le na vforsuidhe treuna,  
 Sa dha laimh ceangailte go daingion le touda,  
 \* Tears.

Ghiù is gair aco dha radha gan trachna  
 Go vfuil a churtha dha nochta sachuid blasphem.  
 Aira thabhairt doibh suas airghuakuin treith lag,  
 Do Phontius Pilate fe ghreim air sheirse,  
 An san da innsint gur chloidhre meirlig,  
 Agus Righeas air ghiudag dhuilt do Hesar,  
 Ni dubhairt Pilate mexta so dafa do dhaorfoch  
 Rìghena naingiol na gheara don tsaoibhalo,  
 Ach a radha e-csheola air an roid chum Herod,  
 O's duine e toigeag na chomharsa taobh leis.  
 Bo mhaith leis an gcloidhre seo go radhach an taam  
 Mhac,  
 A lathir a phearsa go-gaithfeach do gelle,  
 Chum cuid da-chombachtta a gelu sa naomhthacht,  
 D'fheicsint da shuideamh le brìgh agus eifeacht.  
 An uair na rìn Iosa straoica do Herod,  
 Do lion se le buile, is-cuthach is craos air,  
 Is do chur cula bhann air le grain da threithe,  
 Da radha leo e thabhairt thar nais chum Pelit.  
 Nil son sort afflis na masla dha mheade,  
 Na suair Iosa Crìost o'n mbuidhean na'r gheil do,  
 Da straca, da leaga, is da chathamh le laoclus  
 Anuas air a d'talamh, go feargach faobhrach.  
 An uair chomarc Pilate an cloidhre slaodach,  
 An aicme seo teacht thar nais go saothrach,  
 Agus Righeas Mhuire do le buile dha thraocta,  
 Agus fotharam mor air uair an lae aco.  
 Tar eis mor sgruda le duthrachd deineacht,  
 Do dheanadh air Iosa Righe ne naomhuibh,  
 Nior flug se freagra air na anactiridhmeirlig,  
 Na focul do radha leo a gcas a shaortha.  
 Do ba Nos san tir sin air thigheacht gach seile,  
 'Nar thug Maois leis trid an trennuhvir,  
 Clann Israel o dhaoirse is gheur bhruid,  
 Coireach\* cionntach san am san do shaora.  
 Do blirgan abhrus fear fobhla is leirsgrios,  
 Fear murduir is fola sa nam san a ngeibhion,  
 A bpriosun dorcha tre olcus a threithe,  
 D'ar bhainim Barrabas Fealluire eirlig.  
 D'fhag Pilate sa rodha agus toidha na meirlig,  
 Ge-aco don dis seo Crìost no an te sin,  
 \* Criminal.



Thabharfdis saoir, do reir a ndlighe na thaoiv san  
Ach le comhachta an Dhoillt se an dith do shérid.

Seo cas an Pheacaig do stracan is raoban,  
Dlighe na ngras gach lagan traocha,  
Tabhairt masla do Dhia is gan chial a geille,  
Do thoill na coine sa tanam do dhaora.

Chum go sasouch Pilate na gaidhir seo agreache  
Thug ordugh laidir sgiuirsail aoichtach,  
Thabhairt don Ríge geal Iosa Mae Debhi,  
Is tar eis an ghnimh sin e spaoile air eigin.

An san do nochtag go huile d'he an teadach,  
Do ceanglag do phloir e le forsa teide,  
Chum a chorp do gheare go daingion le treine,  
An sgiursail maluighthe do lasgag le faor air.

Chuir mhíle baile 'gus tuile gan bhreagna,  
Fuair Mae Muire o'n geuideachta daol sa,  
Gach huile buailag air an Uan geal naomhtha,  
Do loit go deimhin e, chomh doimhin is bfeidir.

O bo e an radharc e sgeimblinil aoichtach,  
A chuid fola na srithchain dhiomadhach dheurach  
Aig rith síos le gach straoic lot peine,  
Bhí na cholúin ghlorumhar mar spola eraorag.

Tri larr a phianta is na diabhail seo leimig,  
Le athas ghaisguil, mhagui, shlaodach,  
Is Ríge na vfiathas fe na pheanuidhe daora,  
Aig guidhe chum Athair maitheamh da gelaonta.

Do sgaoiladar don phloir e go sgolta creuchtach,  
Is gan duine alge taoibh leis shintioch eadach,  
Chum gradha na uaignisíon is e millte o gheur loit,  
Ach e fein do lorg, is da geur air na dheadh san.

Is uaigneach do bhíse 'sgan taoibh leis a ghaothalta,  
Na duine da charaid do ghlaach truaidmheil do.  
Na cheangaleoch suas a mhór luit fein do,  
O'n ngaoch chruadh dhubh, is o fhuacht na speire.

Boghairid an aaimhneas do fuain tur eis sin,  
An uair baicéag de 'nnaas le mor chuid peine,  
An teudach arís 'na gearrthuidhe seide,  
Na fola an san trithe síos go heachtach.

Is luach 'sas oban do shocuir na meirlig,  
Na shuidhe air bhinn e e, is do chaith le smeide air  
Sean eadach púple, is coroin tar eis sin,

Do dheilgnidhe fada do leaga air go headan.

Do thagach gach nduine aco le binib na dheadh san,  
Cathamh a seilidhe le seiraoicht daoluibh,  
'Sdo luigheacht air anguin chum a chur do raoba  
Cuir failte roidhe go deimhin le gear nimh.

Tar eis an pheanuid aco 'agach masta 'neineacht  
Do thoig Pilate e air bhian enoic taobh leis,  
Is dubhairt go hard os comhar na geudta,  
'Feuchaig an duinosa chuma so creachtach.

Is cuis mhór brónach cuis an seil seo,  
Ach is cuis mheidhir shugach a geuit na naomh e  
Ceann deas Iosa air son buidhean mhór Eva,  
Bleith na ruillean poll gan doghat o speicibh.

Ni rabhadar sasda t'reis a chumha leir sgrios  
Go lora loiscithe gan chroicinn go craoraig,  
Gan breith camhnas leis d'fhail air an aon mhae,  
Chum crith chur air a bheathia chum maithios Hesae.

An nair suaradar cead tre mbeathacht threithe,  
Philate shalluighthe do dhadamhuig saor e,  
Do thoigadar leo e is corda air aolmhain.  
Is eois mhór throm air a dhram tinn treith lag.

Is fochmdar seargach fonoideach faobhrach,  
Da stracadar leo e go Calvery an eirlig,  
Is beirt do bhithbunaig siubhal leis a neineacht,  
Chum a chrocha taobh leis air mhaos an tsleibhe,  
Do chuadh glamuire-reompa chum cuis a cheusta  
D'fumsint dona Giudaig a gursa shaoguil,  
Na crochuiridhe na dhiag is diabhal an eithig,  
Le comhar a mharaighthe 'sna tarngidhe geura.

Do bhidis da leaga air an ditalamb gan traocha,  
Is da chur na sheasamh da lasga le saothar,  
Air a sait na siubhalach go brughte peinarh,  
Do bhi a chuid fola da dorta ona gheur loit.

Do thom an tualach bhi air ghuala an aon ric,  
Is e titim gan blurige fa pheanidhe an tsaguil.  
Is mo luza is maga is mo athis is smeide,  
Do rin an airme dhona so is mo chuman do snora.

An nair thaine Críost go maol an tsleibhe  
Is e cortha craidhte, 's go tnaiththe traochta,  
Do fuair vinegir is dumbas le ibbidht mar chaol deoch,  
Chum a chroidhe do losga le dechar na peine.

\* White neck.

† To drink.

Do ceangaluidhag nochtuidithe le binib e air gheur  
chroia,

Tar eis do sine uirtho go min le naomhthacht,  
Le tairngidhe fada do lagay go faobhrach,  
Tri na dha dhearna sa dha through neuta.

Tar eis gach dranaireacht is malathacht bfeidir  
Ni rabhadar sasta tar eis an airt a dheanabh,  
Go rineag e shagha le lan bhrigh aon fhir,  
Steach tre na chroidhe le caoin taleadh fhaorvar.

Sin mar a sgaoileag a chlidhe na thaobh deas,  
Sua sruith go fion aig rith triid gur eug se,  
Ni raibh deor fola na nachorpgan taosga,  
Tabhairt sasamh follas da Athair 'nar dtaobh ne.

A dtaobh aganail na mallis na calaois leuntach,  
Da mbeinn a agriobh air feadh miond lem' cheol phen,  
Ni chisinn sios dibh lem' dhlithehiol a dheanadh,  
Leach na trian pianta a naomh chuirp.

O ! Iosa mbic bheannuidithe gheanannach ghleigil,  
Do mhor do pheanuid an uair stracag do gheuga,  
Stair sheksin do mbathar go ealidhte deurach,  
Aig bun na Croise is cloidhte na taobh tri'd

'Sa geas san sgreadau le earthanacht naomhtha  
Chuin Righe na vlatas maitheamh don trend so,  
Is iad san a drana leis is gan taise da pheinn sin,  
'Sa crocha a geinn deanadh deimhin don laochrus

An uair chonarc an mhaighdion an deagh bhean ghle-  
geal,

A haon mhae tpeuireach 's gan a chludh na sgeiv air,  
Ach an taleadh tre na chroidhe, 'gus crith air a pheine,  
Do thuit si luige tre na Cumann bheith traochta.

Le tinn a bhais a nairde air a ngeur chrois,  
Do bhí an ghrian go muchta fa smoit aig eclipse,  
Do chrith an talamh 's na ceargeacha pleasgaid,  
Is deirigh na maribh na seasamh a feachuin.

Gach nidhe so domhan do sgambraig treimhse,  
An fhaid do bhí Iosa da chlaidheamh nar dtaobh deas,  
Air chrann na Croise fuoi lomad chreuchta,  
Ach croidhe na ugiudaig an trup do cheus e.

Is cruadh na caraig an penench na treigfeach  
A ghlinomhartha buile tar eis an domnis do dheanabh,  
Air chos gach nidhe d'fhulang Críost d'ar saora,  
Air chrann na croise gur ghoing a thaobh doas.

Is maith do cheannighis sinn a Chríost led cheusa;  
Is ní moide an cuman do thugan na thaobh duit,  
Go mboguir ar gcroidhe chum do dhlidhe ta naomhtha;  
Do choimead go fíor cheart go críth ar saoguil.

A Iosa chrodha mhorghach reimeach,  
Is a mhúire ghormhar ghleodhte pheurlach,  
Stiuruidhig manam go carthanach deircíoch,  
Go cuirt na vfiathas 'nuair leagfar me traochda.

Sin e críth agus brídh e mo sgeil sí.  
Ce go vfuil tuile ann na'r níos me air aon chur,  
Deineach gach uduine do-chloisfios da leaghamh e;  
Guidhe chum na vfiathas m'anam dhui saor ann.

### *Aighneas an Pheacaig res an Mbas.*

This Dialogue is applicable to the impenitent Sinner at the hour of death, desiring a longer time to live, but not to repent.

*Bas.* Is chughad a thanga a Pheacuig chriona,  
Le ordugha laidir tu bhreth don saoidhalso,  
Chum go dtabharfa cuntas ad dhroith gníomhartha  
Don Ríghé suair bas air an Gerois dhá-baoiné.

*Peac.* Ce hé tusa ata labhairt chomh dana?  
Le seanoir-liath 'ta fe chiach craidhte,  
Och! mé channla! is fann ataimse,  
Is mo chroidhe da bhrise le buireasba slainte.

*B.* Mise an Bas ata lan do threun neart,  
Do leag air harr clann Aamh go leir cheart,  
Leagfíod tusa anois mar aon leo,  
Is bearfíod o'd mhaoin-gan bhrígh fa chre thu.

*P.* Eist a Bhais tabhair cairde fos dam,  
Na dein mo chreachta 'sna maruig go fóil me,  
Go ndeansfíod aithridhe am phencuidhe mora,  
Is go ndíolfíod m'f hiacha le Ríghé na gloire.

*B.* Is fada an cairde do fuairis go dí so,  
An fhad eile da vfiadhfa arís e,  
Mar mhair tu riamh do mhairfa choidhebe,  
Da fhaid e an chluithe go deire do sgríbe.

*P.* Ní hambla mharán gealaim om' chroidhe yuit  
Ach am aithridheach dhian fa chiach a caoi ghol,  
Atá tabhairt sasamh ceart do Dhlia 'sdo dhaoine,  
Am dhroch chleachta is am bhearta baoiné.

*B.* Is mo gealuint fhalla thugais ad shaoithaí nait,  
Do fhear ionad De fa eile Iosa,  
Go dtreangfa an peaca 's go mairfa min tais,  
Fa riaghlacha naomhtha gan treigean choidhebe.

Do thoig se Apstail chum teaguis do leaghabh duinn.  
 Do leighios gach nduine a thinnios go haoisga,  
 Do rin gach maithios don aicme do cheus e,  
 Is do cheangal don chrannge as comhuir gach aonna.

Is oile e an peaca, machtnaig air treibhse.  
 Is air-shaint an duine do mhealan na ceudta,  
 Is do mheall Judas chum a Mhaighistir naomhtha  
 Do dhiol air bhagan thug bas na thaobh do.

Tar eisean fealla so san mhalaighthacht aoichtach,  
 Do chuadh Ríge na-naingiol chum machtnamh a dhean-  
 amh,

A ngardin na Nofives ístriur leis a neineacht,  
 Da dheisgiobail bheanuighthe na chuideachta taobh leis:

Ann sa do thosain air na flathis do shaothru,  
 Do dhramm an peaca bhion ceanguilte a ngeibhlean,  
 Le nallus fola do fíorta na braonruibh  
 Anuas go farsing air an dtalamh go heachtach.

Bo mhór e dhóilias, is dóiraidhe daora,  
 Le Iosa Críost aig cadíne uir a pheine,  
 Is air mhead ar bpeacúidhe tre mhalis leontach,  
 Is air luighad ar ngradh-dho tar eis a shao-thíur.  
 Air luighad an tairbhe do bhainfeach na ceudta,  
 As tora a phais na Bhais air a ngeur chóis,  
 Air mhead ar vfaillidhe air thaitidhe dheanabh,  
 Air leighias ar nanama ghilaca le naomhthacht.

Air an masle-mor do gheobhach da dheadh san,  
 O shluadh na málacht is na miona eithig,  
 Aig spalpa na croise is Chríost a neineacht,  
 Is da cheusa arís gan sgith le heugheart.

Air fhuir began na n-áine saothrumbaíl seunmhar,  
 Do bhoich na ríegheacht na suidhe go naomhtha,  
 Le huireasba teacht le teas go gleusta,  
 Go di an Sacrimint comhachtach morgach feustach.

Ni líongna a Chroíde bheith cloidhte traochta,  
 Sa chorp gan bríge sa chlidhe go treifh lag,  
 Aig na cithibh fola dhóirt se le peine,  
 Aig smuaineadh air a Pheas sair ghraín ar gclanta.

Ba ghairid go dtaine Judas an Treatuir,  
 Na cheann air an sluadh mhór na meirlig,  
 As do thug do pog mar choinhartha daortha,  
 Go stracadis leo e le forsa is foireigean.

\* Some time.

Seo mar do tharla don ard Ríge creachtach,  
 Da straca na ndiag go dian le teaduibh,  
 Tre gach ait go dtaine na Faolchoin,  
 Gnuig Annas is Calphas, sa bragh air sheirse.  
 Smuaineach feasta lucht an phoeca do dheanabh,  
 Air a liacht tuisle is buile 'tróm treumhar  
 A liacht masla 'gus aithis, sa liacht engcheart  
 D'fhulagn losa Críost o'n naoid seo chéus e.  
 Aig siubhal na slidhe dhó sa naoid an traocha,  
 Do straca na ndiag faoi phian is chreacht,  
 Da bhíula le na ndorn is le na geosa neineacht,  
 Is da leaga air an dtalamh le fearg go faobhrach.  
 O! se Naoi an truaiche an Tuan geal naomhitha,  
 Go bocht bronach faoi dbrúcthead peine,  
 Ceangailte na Bhradh na chradh 'nar dtaobh na,  
 Na tigan do gradh na pain na dheadh san.  
 Smuainis arís le croidhe truaibhbheiliach,  
 Mar threigadar Apstail sa charaid go leir e,  
 Da fhagaint 'gas na giudaig trúpach mheirlich.  
 Do thug go dí an gcúirt e, o Annas go Cephas.  
 Annsa fhosnadh na Crochuiridhe craosach,  
 Air Chríost do thriadhil le sanaidhthe breiga,  
 Aig deanabh a geumais go cuthach chuim daotrha  
 As gan an dara duine aco tracht na rheile.  
 Níor vfeidir leis a ndiabhal, na le cliar na pesto,  
 Da mhead e mibuille sa teine da peine,  
 Nibhus no maga na sealla do dheana,  
 Air Ríge na Críne na rin an treud so.  
 Do bhíidh nite air buile go heachtach,  
 Da bhíuala is da bhrugla gan chuís air aon ehnur  
 Sa cathaibh a seilidhe sa rennuilhe breuna,  
 Steach air aigha gheal shoillseach na greina.  
 Níbhíuil tos aon nithasla na r cathag a neadan,  
 Is e na sport aig an aicme mhatuighthe bhreagach  
 O! na ríthe an radharc e geibhiliach sceultach  
 Críost na ngras da chratha ge meirdig.  
 Se mo chas e is cas clóima Eva,  
 Tabhairt masla mradh is cuirsaidhe peina,  
 Do losa mhorgach glíormhar, naomhitha,  
 Gach am da dtagan sinu an peaca do dheanadh.  
 Ce gur tróm do labharán air aingis an treud so.

Do bhí air buille chum donuis is daora,  
 Do dheana air Christ geal croidhe na féile,  
 Do dhoirte a chuid fóla le dochur dar saora,  
 Is measa go mór lucht uabhair is cada.  
 Lucht méige is leige, lucht féile is eithig,  
 Lucht buartha is buala, lucht suaithe na breige,  
 Lucht sainte is aibhleas, lucht caithe air a cheile.  
 Lucht na mionu dar liomm is baodhal doibh,  
 Lucht spalpa na fóla doirte air gheur chrois,  
 Lucht Dia is Múre thiomna go heachtach.  
 Lucht leabhartha thabhairt a vfearg sa neitheach.  
 Lucht faoisidin is comaoine na deanan,  
 A bpeacaidhe chur síos ceart gan aon cheilt,  
 Ma run leaswighthe air a mbeatha na dheadh san.  
 Na fos doighnós croidhe na dorthaidhe deirribh.\*  
 Gach am dorthagan lian a samhuilt seo dheanaibh,  
 Is mo an masla an sganail sa daora,  
 Do thugam do Christ croidhe gan aon lecht,  
 Na thug an aicme so thrasguir e air gheur chrois.  
 Casam airis tamal a machtuamh sa feachuín,  
 Air na pian ta marbhlathach, maslathach leunmhar,  
 D'fhulang se a naim tar eis an Feallaire Cephas  
 Do dhul a bhaile air thabhairt na daor bhséith.  
 Go di la na breithe na creithe na ngeur gholl,  
 Leach na trian na bpianta ní leaghfar,  
 D'fhulang se an oidhche sin an slidhe na seafinn,  
 A insint d'bhí sa naoid dha turaocha.  
 Níl aon sár malathacht na tarcuime bfeidir,  
 A neugnuisgach masla slúg an Rabble da leasa,  
 Na tugag do Iosa is e go cloidhte traochta.  
 Is gan caraid a naice ach Peadrúir do sheun e.  
 Is móch air maidin do thanguid le cheile,  
 Na Giudaig fhaillsa dream gan daonacht,  
 Is D'fhiosruig do Christ ar bhe Iosa Mac De a,  
 Thug se ortha freagra go tapa na'r bhreag e.  
 Do thuigadar an san na'r cheart e dhaora,  
 Na chur chum báis go brach ndeanfíoch  
 Pontius Pilate deimhin don sgeul san,  
 Agus le mghdara sa e chur da cheusa.  
 Do stracadar leo e le na vforsuidhe tieuna,  
 Sa dha laimh ceanguille go daingion le tóda,  
 \* Tears.

Ghuin is gair aco dha radha gan traocha  
 Go rfuil a churtha dha nochta sachuid blasphemae.  
 Air a thabhairt dolbh suas airghuakuin treith lag,  
 Do Phentius Pilate fe ghreim air sheirse,  
 An san da innsint gur chloidhre meirfig,  
 Agus Righeas air ghiudag dhuil do Hesar,  
 Ní dubhairt Pilate anearta so dafa do dhanroioch  
 Righe na naingiol na gheara don tsaothbalso,  
 Ach a radha e-casheola air an roid chum Herod,  
 O's duine e toigeag na chombarsa taobh leis.  
 Bo mbadh leis an geloidhre seo go radhach an taeam  
 Mhac,

A lathir a phearra go greithfeach do geille,  
 Chum cuid da chombactta a gelu sa naomhbhaecht,  
 D'fheicisint da shuideamh le brigh agus eiseacht.

An uair na rin Iosa straoica do Herod,  
 Do lion se le buile, is cuthach is craos air,  
 Is do chur cula bhan air le graín da threithe,  
 Da radha leo e thabhairt thar nais chum Pelit.

Nil aon sort aflúis na masla dha mhéad e,  
 Na fuair Iosa Críost o'n mbuidhean na'r gheil do,  
 Da strao, da leaga, is da chathamh le laochrus  
 Anuas air a dtalamh, go feargach faobhrach.

An uair chonarc Pilate an cloidhre slandach,  
 An aicmé seo teacht thar nais go saothrach,  
 Agus Righe-goal Mhuire, eo le buile dha thraoicha,  
 Agus fochara mor air uair an lae aco.

Tar eis mor egruda le duthracht deineacht,  
 Do dheanadh air Iosa Righe ne naomhuibh,  
 Níor thug se freagra air na macfiridhe meirlig,  
 Na focul do radha leo a geas a shaortha.

Do ba Nos san tir sin air thigheacht gach féile,  
 Nar thug Maois leis tríd an treunmhúir,  
 Clann Israel o dhaoirse is gheur bhruid,  
 Coireach cionntach san am san do shaora.

Do blúrgan abhrus fear fobhla is leirsgrios,  
 Fear murduir is yola sa nam san a ngeibhion,  
 A bpriosun dorchla tre olcus a threithe,  
 B'ar bhainim Barrabas Fealluire eirlig.

D'fhag Pilate sa roidha agus toidha na meirfig,  
 Go aco don dis seo Críost no an te sin,

\* Criminal.



Thabharfais saoir, do reir a ndlighe na thaoiv san  
Ach le comhachta an Daol† se an dith do shérid.

Seo cas an Pheacaig do stracan is raoban,  
Dlighe na ngras gach lagan traocha,  
Tabhairt masla do Dhia is gan chial a geille,  
Do thoill na colna sa tanam do dhaoira.

Chum go saseoch Pilate na gaidhir seo agreacha  
Thug ordugh laidir agtuirseil aoichtach,  
Thabhairt don Ríge geal losa Mae Deblí,  
Is tar eis an ghnímh sía e spaoile aireigin.

An san do nochtag go huile d'he an teadach,  
Do ceanglag do phíloir e le forsa teide.  
Chum a chorp do gheare go daingíon le treine,  
An agiursail malnighthe do lasgag le faor air.

Chuig mhíle baile 'gus tuile gan bhreagna,  
Fuair Mae Muire o'n geuideachta daol sa,  
Gach buile buailag air an Uan geal naonhtha,  
Do loit go deimhin e, chomh doimhin is bfeidir.

O bo e an radharc e speimblinil aoichtach,  
A chuid fola na srítheláin dhiomadhach dheurach  
Aig rith síos le gach straoic lot peine,  
Bhlí na cholúinn ghlorumhar mar spola eraorag.

Tri larr a phianta is na diabhail seo leimig,  
Le athas ghaisguil, mhagul, shíandach,  
Is Ríge na vfiathas fe na pheanuidhe daora,  
Aig guidhe chum Athair maítheamh da gelaonta.

Do sgaoiladar don píloir e go spolta creuchtach,  
Is gan duine aige taoibh leis shintíoch eadach,  
Chum gradha na maighlíon is e millte o gheur loit,  
Ach e fein do lorg, is da geur air na dheadh san.

Is uaigneach do bhíse 's gan taoibh leis a ghaothailta,  
Na duine da charaid do ghilacach trua dhúibhe do.  
Na cheangaleoch suas a mhór luit fein do,  
O'n ngaoch chruadh dhúibh, is o shuaeht na speire.

Bo ghairid an aaimhneas do fuain tur eis sin,  
An uair bailuag de 'nuas le mor chuid peine,  
An teudach arís 's na gearrthuidhe seide,  
Na fola an san trithe síos go heachtach.

Is luach 'sasoban do shocuir na meirlig,  
Na shuidhe air bhínnse e. is do chaith le smeide air  
Sean eadach purple, is coroin tar eis sin,

Do dheilgnidhe fada do leaga air go headan.

Do thagach gach nduine aco le binib na dheadh san,  
Cathiamh a seilidhe le seiraoibht daoluibh,  
'Sdo luigheacht air angluin chum a chlr do raoba.  
Cuir failte roidhe go deimhin le geur nimh.

Tar eis an pheanuid aco 's gach masla 'neineacht  
Do thoig Pilate e air bhinn enoic taobh leis,  
Is dubhairt go hard os comhar na gceudta,  
'Feuchaig an duinesa chum so creachtach.

Is cuis mhor bronach cui an sgeil seo;  
Ach is cuis mheidhir shugach a geurt na naomh e  
Ceann deas Iosa air son buidhean mhor Eva,  
Bheith na ruillan poll gan doghat o speictbh.

'Ni rabhadar sasda 'treis a chuamha leir sgrios  
Go lom loisgithe gan chroicid go craorag,  
Gan breith eamhuas bain d'fhail air an aon mhae,  
Chum crith chur air a bheatha chum maithios Hesag.

An uair fuaradar cead tre-mheathaicht threithe,  
Philate mhalluighthe do dhadamhuig saor e,  
Do thoigadar leo e is corla air aolmhuin.  
Is eros mhor throm air a dhrom tinn treith lag.

Is fochimdar feargach fonoideach faobhrach,  
Da stracadar leo e go Calvery an eirlig,  
Is beirt do bhithbunaig siubhal leis a neineacht,  
Chum a chrocha taobh leis air mhaon an tsleibhe,  
Do chuadh glamuire reompa chum cuis a cheusta  
D'innsint dona Giudaig a gursa shaoguil,  
Na crochniridhe na dhiag is diabhal an eithig,  
Le comhar a mharuighthe 'sna tarngidhe geura.

Do bhuidis da leaga air an ditalamb gan traocha;  
Is da chur na sheasamh da lasga le saothar,  
Air a srait na siubhalach go brughte peinarh,  
Do bhi a chuid fola da dorta ona gheur loit.

Bo throm an tualach bhi air ghuala an aon vic,  
Is e titim gan bhrighe fa pheacnidhe an tsaguil.  
Is mo huzza is maga is mo athis is smeide,  
Do rin an aicme dhona so is mo chum do snora.

An uair thaine Criost go maol an tsleibhe  
Is e cortha craidhte, 's go tnaithite traochta,  
Do fuair vinegir is dumberlas le ibhidht mar chaol deoch,  
A' hum a chroidhe do losga le dochar aia peine.

\* White neck.

† To drink.

Do ceangaluidhag nochuididithe le binib e air gheur  
chrois,

Tar eis do sine uirtho go min le naomhthacht,

Le tairngidhe fada do lasg go faobhrach,

Tri na dha dhearna sa dha thruigh neuta.

Tar eis gach dranaireacht is malathacht bfeistir

Ni rabhadar sarda tar eis an airr a dheanabh,

Go rineag e shagha le lan bhrigh aon fhir,

\*Steach tre na chroidhe le caoin taleadh fhaorvar.

Sin mar a sgaoileag a chlidhe na thaobh deas,

\*Saa sruith go fion aig rith trid gur eug se,

Ni raibh deor sola na chorp gan taosga,

Tabhairt saamh follas da Athair 'nar dtaobh ne.

A dtaobh sganaill na mairis na calaois leuntach,

Da mbeinn a sgrìobh air feadh miodh leim' cheol phean,

Ni chuirfann sios dibh leim' dhuibheiol a dheanadh,

Leach na trian pianta a naomh chuirp.

O ! Iosa mbic bheannuighthe gheannamach ghleigil,

Do mhor do pheanuid an uair stracag do gheuga,

Stair fheicsin do mbathar go craidhte deurach,

Air bun na Croise is cloidhte na taobh tri'd

\*Sa geas san sgreadan le carthanacht naomhtha

Chum Rìghe na rìsthas mairtheamh don trend so,

Is iad san a drana leis is gan taise da pheinn sin,

\*Sa crocha a goinn deanadh deimhin don laochrus

An uair chonarc an mhaighdion an deagh bhean ghle-  
geal,

A haon mhae trocuireach \*sgan a chlodh na sgeiv air,

Ach an tsleadh tre na chroidhe, \*gur crith air a pheine,

Do thuit si luige tre na Cuman bheith traachta.

Le tinn a bhais a nairde air a ngeur chrois,

Do bhì an ghrian go muchta fa smoit aig eclipse,

Do chrith an talamh \*sna ceargacha pleasguid,

Is deirigh na maribh na seasamh a feachuinn.

Gach nidhe so fionhan do sgambraig treimhse,

An fhaid do bhì Iosa da chlaoidheamh nar dtaobh de,

Air chrann na Croise fua iomad chreuchta,

Ach croidhe na ugrudaig an trup do cheus e.

Is cruach na caraig an peacach na treigfeach

A ghluin-thartha buile tar eis an donuis do dheanabh,

Air chos gach nidhe d'fhulang Crìost d'ar saora,

Air chrann na croise gur ghoinn a thaobh deas.

Ann sud do chidhfir Críost sa chreuchta  
 'Sgach pian marbthach d'fhulang ad thaobh sa,  
 Is na Giudaig fhallsa an dream do cheus e  
 Sgreaduig sa caoi go síochmhar peineach.

Beith crann na croise air na ríneag e cheus,  
 Ann sud na laimh dheas lathair an tsaoigil;  
 Chum compoird sior chur air na daoine naomhtha,  
 Is dolas gan críth chur air a mbaoin do dhaoir.

Is lompóig aigh go meilteach faobhrach,  
 Air shluadh na malacht an aicme sheun e,  
 Agus dearfe leo go fowsach treasmhar,  
 'Imty as mó radharc fe gheibhíona is gheurghíais.

Mo mhálacht go dian bhur ndíag le geur ním,  
 O sheun sibh míse le cuman don tsaoigil.  
 Malacht na ndiabhal fe phianbhur díraocha,  
 Is malacht na vfiathas bhur díreasgairt le cheile.  
 Malacht na naoimh seo ata taoibh líon naomhtha.  
 Anuas air bhur manam d'ur greischa gan faothamh.  
 B malacht m' Athar is gan dearmad an N. Spioraid,  
 Is íos mó mháthar go brath bhur ndeig sí.

An san air noment O! huirfidh bpeicidh,  
 Clann na malacht aig imtheacht go daortha,  
 Brisidh an talamh faoi an aicme bhreun sa,  
 Agus sloigfar síos iad go hithfrien peineach.

An san lompóig a ghnúis go ciuin deas neuta,  
 Air sluadh na nbeanacht slúadh do saorfar,  
 Agus dearfidh leo le glór caoin caomhnach,  
 'Ghíaisig go sior go ríogheacht na naomh líom.  
 Madh bhí sibh tamal beg fe tharcuisneasa tsaoiguil,  
 'Sgur fhulang sibh crosa tre oltus bhur naoiduibh,  
 Agus fuacht is fan go craidhfeach tríomsa,  
 Gloire Pharathais belg aguibh na thaobh san.

A Mhartirig bheanúighthe do stracag o cheile,  
 Is dhoirt bhur genid fóla le dochar am thaobh sa,  
 Anois, do chidhean sibh mar thugas sa an daor bhreith  
 Air na Meirlig do mharaig sibh 'gus sibhí do shaora.

A Mhaighdionacha do thoill uaim go naomhtha,  
 Bheith nibhras aoirde am ríogheachta go peurlach.  
 Na aon dreamm don mbantracht sp Eva,  
 Mar sibh do ghradaig me go lan gálan go gígeal.

Beith sibhí is mo Mhathair go brach a nenacht  
 Go glormhar compordach go raeltiach,  
 Go síochanta síorghradmhar síor naomhtha,  
 Am mhola go síor gan chrích le saoguil.

Gluaisig líom a chlann gan aon locht  
 'Go seilbh na Gloire agcomhar don N. Spioraid.

P. O! is fíor gur ghealus don Sagart ní breagach,  
 Go ndeanfín faoisín fada mo bheatha le cheile,  
 Ach curaim an tsaoll sa cíos a glaothach orm,  
 Do chraig se riamh me 'ado chiap go leir me.

B. Leig dod aheanchus a Sheandúna chnuoife,  
 Saíodsa an bior so tre larr do chroidhe steach,  
 Is tabharse aon mhac muire breith gan sgaioile,  
 Air tanam anois is go hithfríon síos leat.

P. Mo ghreim dubh dumbach 's mo bíron an ageul sa,  
 Misé bheith caillte 's mo mhuintir am eagmuis,  
 Agus m'anam bheith losga a nithfríon peineach  
 A dtaobh lomad mo churtha 's mo mhor chuid claonta,

Do shíl me riamh na rín me aon nídh  
 Do thoillfeach planta síorroidhe aochtach;  
 Ní rín me gold, broid na eigeau,  
 Murdur na seall aon am dom shaogul.

Do thugaimn loisdín do gach deoruidhe treith lag  
 Bladh is deoch don te clídhinn a neughmuis,  
 Díoluidheacht cheart le fear an eilimh,  
 O! nach cruai e Iosa ma ní me dhaora.

B. Níl doghat nach fíor gach níthe don meid sín,  
 Ach eist go foill agus innseod fein duit,  
 Cred iad na neithe 'ta ad choinne 'gan aon mhac,  
 Na geis mhor thóim le fonn tu dhaora.

Do bhi tu páisiunta, droithlabhartha, brengach,  
 Oltach, imartach, síosmarthach, sgleipach,  
 Barbarach, glúaireach sa dearbhudh eithfig,  
 Is tuig go dtuilean an sort san tu dhaora.

P. Ma oluín sgilín go minic tigh an tairne,  
 A vfeochur mo chomhorsa, no mo chomhghus cairde  
 Is méirg duit choidheche sin a mhóidheanmh am lathair,  
 Is seabhas mo chroidhe sí chum díol tar chach díobla.

Do bhi me tamal beag a dtosach mo shaoguil,  
 Bruidheantach, barbaruch, is tabhartha deitheach,  
 Do rín me fuaisidín fada mo bheatha na dheadh san,  
 Is do shíleas geatáim go raibh maite mo chlaonta.

Do chuda Sagart da thengus go Torsach,  
 Go vfuadarad o Chríost le brigh na combachta,  
 Chum peacuidhe mhálthíomh don aithridheach eolgach,  
 An uair dheanfíoch fuaisidín an gach gníomh da mhor uife.

B. Is fíor an Peacach ce malúgthe a threithe,  
 Ma noisíon a pheacuidhe le doilghíos deurach,  
 Go vfaigha pardun fíor o Ríge na naomhaibh,  
 'Ge glúine an Tsagart is beannacht an aon mhíle.

Ach a dtaoiv fuaisidín sí 'ado ghealúint bhrengach,  
 Níl aunta aon tairbhíe chum tana: a de shaora,

Mar ní raibh ort doilighíon tre'd leacuidhe nochtach,  
 Na lónn ceart fíor ort doilighíon tre'd leacuidhe nochtach,  
 Na lónn ceart fíor ort an síthridhe dheanabh.

Na tóg sí spailire go maithíde mac De dhuit,  
 Tar eis a rinis do chuirpeacht chlaontach,  
 'Sar bhíris da dhlighe 's gan suim na chreuchta,  
 Ach da cheom arís gan sgith le eugcheart.

Is fada e foidhme leat a chloidihe meiriz,  
 Is tu lan do thaidhbhse 'sdo bhlaibhman eithig  
 Do shíl tu e mheala led bladáy 'sde hbreaga,  
 Ach nóis chidhíur gach gníomh d'od tréithe.

P. Foill a bhais tabhair dhann cairde an lae seo,  
 Go ndéanfod m'uaracht mar le dual do dheanadh,  
 Chum na beich bairt amear mo ghaothfalta.  
 A dtaobh mo rachnuis 'nuair leasfar me traochda.

Mas fíor gach a ndeir tu go mbeidsa daortha,  
 Air son na geimína do noisidá sgeal dam,  
 Ase mo thuigín gur beg sa tsaothfalso,  
 Na fuil chomh dona liomsa sa meid sin.

Ma bhíd uile mar mise gan saora,  
 'Tar eis gach maithéas do chleachtaid le daonacht,  
 Is beg le sabbáil la na ndaor bhreach,  
 Mar ataid uile anso cheirpencht cheadna.

B. Is fada me seanchas leat a Shean duine dhana,  
 Sadhfíod t'e'd chroidhe an saoid so am laimh sí,  
 Acht sul churfíod críth ort a Straoil vocht ghrána,  
 Neosad tuile dhuit don donas ata ort.

Níl duine sa tsaotháil so bhíris dlíge an ard mhic  
 Da cús e ghníomhartha agus díth na ngras air,  
 Ma dheanan faoisidín le brigh go lan cheart,  
 Maithíde losa a pheacuidhe go brach do.

'Se slidhe na mealltar clann bhocht Adam,  
 An uair dheanid an peaca is anamh iad casmhar,  
 Cuirean an dítháil sím le lan díobh,  
 Agus stracan o Dhia na dhiag go brach iad.

An uair is meín lea síle o chuirpeacht Satan,  
 'Deir se arís leo lóna geoidhe go lan 'ghlic,  
 Na fuil Dia chomh dígn is 'thrachtar,  
 Is na daorfar chuige an duine macanta,

'Deir se sos gan gho' gach la leo,  
 Go fuil an aimsir fada chum caas air síthridhe,  
 Gun gelle thabhairt do Shagart na Búarthir  
 Ach leanúint da ngreann go henn na harsa.

An chomhairle sin glacuid is maruid da dtraocha,  
 Na sglabhuighthe dubha aige Diabhal na Peista,  
 Lye.

Gan suidhim an Dia na ian riadhlaicha naomhtha,  
Ach brise athanta, sa maslughan an aon mhic.

Comhairle Sagairt is ro anamh a dheinid,  
Gan duil an Psaim, an Paidir, na Crp aco,  
Nabeann air eiftriona cé ainneoin mar sgeul e,  
Ach a ngradh leis an bpeaca 'sle maithios an tsoil.

P. Ce gur tlaith lag treith ataim fein sa chiach so,  
Is tusa a Bhais cur lan chuid plante orm,  
Le eagla reomhad is roimh dhiultas an Tighearna,  
Ma's fir do raidhte 'ta miodnadh an diabhal orm.

B. Creid mo sgeubha is geal go flor dam,  
Gur gairid go mbeir a nifrionn síos uaim,  
Mar na rinis aithridhe an pheacuidhe lionmhar,  
Ach do cur air cairde gach la go di so.

P. Aithris dam is na dein breag liom,  
Cred e an sort daoine do bhion da ndaora,  
Is da gcarta síos go hifhrionn peineach,  
Air son a bpeacuidhe sa mallis chlaontach ?

B. Deir mat De an te ata flor cheart,  
Na rachuis suas go di an gualacht naoimhtha,  
Aon don dreamm d'aireoghad síos duit,  
Mar ataid uile air mire 'go naoide,

Dreamm na drulse na braidibh gairgeach,  
Lan do mhaga 'sdo do bharbareacht ghrana ;  
Dreamm na gairidheacht sa chamadaoll thaire,  
Is dream an fheith na cloldhridhe dana.

Dreamm na sainte do mbeill na tainte,  
Do dhaoine bochta bhion ocruch, craidhte,  
Is dreamm an eithig, bhreagach, chnaldeach,  
Mhagamhuil, sgigeamhuil, mhaslamhuil, chainteach.

Dreamm an chraos mhor aochtach, oltach,  
Do bhion air meisge go minic gan teora,  
Is dreamm na mionn bhion canarach coloideach,  
Aig spalpa go síor le brigh guighdeoracht,  
An dreamm dubh galltha sambuir vor thoiré,  
Ata deilite o Dhia is leis a ndiabhal do gheobha siad,  
Is an dream ata dall 'sna glacfloch comhairle,  
Beid na dteannta fa sgamhra a ndochuinn.

Dream na feirge bhion deifireach bruidheartach  
A buala na géomharsa sa siadugha daoine,  
Is gach dreamm eile bhion brise na saoire,  
No sulreach o'n aifrión is beanuigthe iodhbirt.

Dream an Uaibhir bhion mor mar shíld,  
Lan do thaidhbhise 'sdo phoimp na gcroidhe 'stig,  
Is an dream na tuga an aon uirm do Iosa,  
Ach dearbhugh cífomhachta is afaia naoimhtha.

Níl dúine sa domhan mar namhuid gan aon vac.  
Madh fhaighion has a bpeaca marbh na daorfar.  
Is na curfar go hithfrionn ansa teine da gceusa.  
Ameasg na ndeamhain go lom fe gheur ghlais.

P. O! a Bhais eist is deimhin gur breug dhuit,  
Go leor da ndubhairt tu bheith na cuis daortha,  
Mar is beg siliim do chuidhim as tsodhgul  
Na fuil cionhtach mar dhreamm eigia.

Ma bhion an meid sin go leir díobh cailte,  
Agus sgartha go sior o Chríost gan amhreas,  
Is beg do rachui g fe ghradam go meidhrach,  
Go cuirt na vfiathas amearg aingil da adhra.

B. Do nois me roimhe seo na neosuin aoin bhreag duif,  
Gur le hughdaras Chríost 'táim fíor am sgeulta,  
Tuig a Spaldire gur gairid go neugfuir,  
Is go mbeir na gcuideacht ad poica 'ge daolaibh.

Ni rachui g go parathas gealaim o'm bheal duit,  
Ach an taitiridheach coir rin leor dkaochuín,  
Do shasamh fíor thabhairt do Ríge na naomhibh,  
Ann peacaidhe bheatha go eathathach deurach.

Ach amhain an leanbh na'r pheacui g gur cuga,  
Rachui g air a noment go cuirt na naomhuibh,  
Ameasg na naingiol go taitheamhbach glegeal,  
A seibh na gloire a gcomhar don N. Spioraid.

P. Uch a Bhais! is craidhte an sgeul liom,  
Luighad na ndabine bheig saoir sa tsadhal so,  
Mar ataid uile gan tuigsin gan teidhrim,  
Gan sgim a leasa fe aithridhe do dheanabh,

Is minic go di so do ríneas gníomhartha aoichtach,  
Deire is carthanacht is anna chuid daonacht  
A vfiaghad aon luacht am mhór mhaith air aon chur  
Tar eis gach ar thugas do ghustal an tsadhall uaim.

B. Na bi meallta a chlampaire meirilig,  
Ni vfiadhair aon lucht tri'd mhór chuid daonacht,  
Mar bhi tu marbh sa bpeaca gach treimhse,  
Na rinnis an charthanacht san 'sgal eagla De ort.

Tabhair fe ndeara gan dearmad an mead seo,  
An fhaid bhios an duine aig brise sa raoba,  
Dlíge mhlc muire tre chuirpe a chlaonta,  
Ni bhíon aon tairbhe ann a mhaithbhos go leireach.

An urnuighthe, an taitfrinn, a dtrosga na dtreunas,  
An deirc, an carthanacht na an anna chuid daonacht,  
Níl ionnta aon tairbhe an peaca mar a dtreigfar,  
Is a bheith a ngradha le Críost am an ghnimh a dheanadh.

Ce maith I an charthanacht mar is subhailce naombtha I,  
A si sgaith is tarmuin an anam gan bhreug I,



Ach ma nithar dearmad don aithridhe dheurach,  
Ata an uile mhaithios chomh marbh is bfeidir.

P. Althris fos dam gan gho an sgeal so  
Cred e an chial na mbeith Dia a glaoch oruin  
La na mbreach is na gcreach go leireach,  
O's gach ait chum clann Aamh d'eisteach?

B. A se cuis na dtiucfe an chine bhocht dhaona,  
Go gleann mor Josaphat la na ndaorbhreach,  
Chum lomad a gcurtha do nochta don saogul,  
Go vfeicloch gach nduine aco lochtuidhe chelle.

An dreamma ata nithfrionn tre na gcurtha do daorag,  
Is d'fhag sampla an pheaca aige clana na goeudta,  
Beith malacht Chriost go fíor mar eiric,  
Da mheadugha ortha shios go crith an tsaothail seo.

Agus na firein ghleodhte gogtormhar naomhtha  
Fuidhil breis onora agus morchuid reime,  
A naigha gach nduine do leanus an leadhan ceart,  
D'fhagadar na ndiagh aig an gcliar so-eva,

Sul thiocfe an la so beith arr sa tsaozul,  
Loisgar an domhan is gach ní ar eadan,  
Beith an ghrian go dumbach fa smoit aig Eclipse,  
'San ghealach mo mhalg chomh dearg le haon fhuil.

Beith an speir airbuile is tithe na raelta,  
Beith tiortha air boga 'saigosguilt a cheile,  
Beith an fhaige air lasa aig imeacht na caora,  
Agus clocha gus crainn le na linn a raoba.

Beith cnoic is gleannta le sgamhra leimrig,  
Beithuidhaig an domhain go hadhbhal\* a geimrig,  
Na peacuig dhona do losga is da traocha,  
Sgeimhle is eagla ortha roimh fhearg an aon mhic.

Tiocfe an san aingil o's na fathais le sgeala,  
'Glnoch air na mairbh chum breitheamhaus deanach,  
Eirgheoid na seasamh go tapa le cheile,  
An Shlioch so shiolraigh o Adam is Eva.

Beith Righthe is Prionnsuidhe is Iarluidhe saodhaltach,  
Gaishidhaig uaibhreach chomh mor le Saeasars,  
Ann sud na seasamh is le heagla sgrechuig,  
Gan teidiol gan meas na meas go leireach.

Na daoine uaisle bhi go guagach peacach,  
Go faistuntach, gaigumhlach, peurlach,  
Beid an la ud go craidhte bocht ceusda,  
Gan uirm gan mheas fuoi mhalacht De ghil.

Beith an dreamm do chidh tu go fíor a seuna,  
Righe na rann air ann chrann do censag,



Aig senna an pheaca do shailig na ceudta.

Beith gach maighdion ghlan díobh d'fhan gan cheile,  
Nibhus gile a vfaid na geal na greine,  
Ní bheith aon a bparthas chomh taithniomhach le ann,  
A vfochur na Naingit a ngradam sa reim leo.

Beith onoir fa na geomhair seop gan vreug duit,  
Aig na Slanaightheoir Iosa Rígha na naombuibh,  
Beith a ngloire chomh mox san ní rfeadhthuinn,  
Innsin dhuit choidhche le bridhe mo ageulta.

Beith siod go críostolach, siollseach, mieldhrach taobh reo,  
Coirighthe go ro dheas le peurluidhe,  
An suillice breadha san, thoill barr gach reime,  
Nibhus gile go deimhin na solle na Raelibh.

Beith abhrain bhinge ach da singibh le neatacht,  
A geuldeachta an Uafu ghlí go buadhach gan traocha,  
Na tuilge aon dreamn, ach an dream ceart ceana,  
Do ghaibh te Iosa go fíor mar cheile.

P. O ! mo chreach, mo chas na'r ghradhsa am shaogub,  
An subhalice breadha san, thoill barr gach reime,  
Ach da vfaighuín aon ait arsa neras naomhtha,  
Do bheinn anois sáda is go brach tar eis seo.

B. Eist a Spaidive ní maith liom do bhreatha,  
Níor thaithníov leat riamb riaghail na naomhuibh,  
Níor mhaith leat do chlan go mbeighlaís naomhtha,  
Na iompogha air Dhia go mbeithdis aosta.

P. Do shileas gealaim duit, go mbfeana chum De dhoibh,  
Clann is conadbach mar ata agam feineach,  
Le eagla bheith bocht 'annair bheidis aosta,  
Is go mbeidis go brach a spleadhchus d'aonne.

B. Dala gan leigheas ort a chloidhre meirlig,  
A Sheanduine chamm sa chrannca shaothaitach  
Ní thuigir go m'fheara dhoibh carada De ghil,  
Na clann is conadach is na blaith beg breige.

Cad ta agadsa anois do bhara do shaothaitachd  
Ach iarsma pencuidhe 's gan taithridhe deunta,  
Sa nois an geall air do cham shlighe eithig,  
Beir tre'd ghníomhartha go fíor ad dhacra.

Is la na breithe aig deire an tmodhallseo,  
Tiocfe Iosa Críost arís gan bhreag duit,  
An uair sin suthfeadh air mhaoil an tsleibhe,  
Mar bhreitheamh comhachtach chum cuisibh d'eisteach.

Beir sí ann sud 'measg brúidhaid gan aon mheas,  
Is do cholm is tanam air dhuith na ndaoluibh,  
Is do chlan na geonairt a síma sa ple leat  
Ad taobh iad do thogúin air do nos sa feineach.



'Go riogheacht na nfiathas go gíddamach reimeach!

'Gan chrith go deo le bhur gcóisair naomhtha,

Glúaseoid uille o mhula an' chhoic léonmhar,

'Súas go parathas a gcúldeachta a' cheille,

'Is ceolta binne acorda símhle le neathacht,

Aig mola an Athar, an Mhic, an N. Spioraid.

Anois a Sheandúine stadfód dam sgealta,

Ni he an tam ceart, cámhur, ná saora,

D'íara air Dhia, 'stu riamh da threigean,

'Go huair do bhais, 'stu a mbearna an bhaoguil.

P. O-a Bhais, a Bhais! na sadhaig do gheur ghair,

Tabhair dam cairde gó di málreacht seineach,

'Go niafód sishain air an árd Rígh naomhtha,

An mead mo pheacaidhe is gan n'áthridhe danta.

B. Ni vfaigha' tu cairde a chneadháire an eithig,

Do thoil tu o Chríost go fóir tu dhóra,

Mar do threigis riamh ríal sa naquithacht,

'Is bearfórsa ad bhragna thu lathir an son mhíe.

Le na linn sin thavuin an Seandúine saoltach,

'Osna throm is le sgamhna d'eug se,

A larr a phianta is na díabhail da eadhreach,

'Chum e sgioba leo go deo le saoguil.

### *Siosma an Anáma res an Gcoluin la an Bhreith- eamhuir.*

Eistig a chomharsa is neosad sgeul díha

Mar deirid na Hughduit mhuinte leagheanta,

Air an siosma cruait bheith-la na ndaor bhreith,

Aig an Gcoluin is 'gan Anam a nearraid le' cheile.

An uair sheid'ir an trumpe go hadhal go faobhrach.

Eirgheoid na sáidhe le brídh go hósaga,

Agus baileoid ann sud gach trup sa tsoguil,

Mar ar ceasag Críost go fóir air ghair chrois.

An uair thiofse an tannam dainanta duor dhubh.

Anois as íthsioun is e uille mar chaortha.

Raidhaig go di an gcoluin laobhtha sa chre'níe,

'Chum teagmhail res an Mháthair air mhula an chnoic aosa-

íochta le fearg is e sgreaduig le peine,

[tach.

Mo mhalacht duit a choluin, chomh dona 'na seidir

'Is mo mhalacht do thuilis dam a nithríon daortha

'Is mo mhalacht don la 'nuar thanga ple'leat:

C. Cred e do chuís chugham a Lúbuire agléipneach?

'Cred fa na vfaillir chomh eathach so am dhóra?—

'Cred a ríneus leat riamh a dhíabhail an eithig?

Le na mbéithfa air buile chughamaisa síosma le faor nimh.

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• A person in charge of the information system

7. Wiederholte Erziehung zu menschlichen Werten

MAILED 14 JUL 1964 IN ST. LOUIS MO

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[illegible][illegible]

Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Smith, 123 Main St., New York

[illegible]

Topic: A person's life is a journey.

6.501 - 21 12.11.21 14.11.21 15.11.21 16.11.21

*(Faint, illegible handwritten notes)*

7. Ergebnisse der 2. Disposition

And the rest is all the same as the rest of the world.

10. The above is a true and correct copy of the original document.

1. 1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the  
 2. 2. various methods of determining the critical temperature of a  
 3. 3. substance, and the results of these determinations are compared  
 4. 4. with the values obtained from the equation of state of the  
 5. 5. substance.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

The following are the names of the persons who have been named in the above report:

At the time of the first meeting, the following members were present:

Rev. Mr. May, 1870, to the Rev. Mr. May,

to the maximum possible machine air to

It is further stated that the above cited re-

1. mones de "vulgares" a 2.ª ordem

1. The first of these is the fact that the

T. Had a chamber pot over my ear to bleed pain,

In person chair exp. etc. in his vicinity

1) ...an ... ..

150 ml. of a 2% methyl cellulose solution is added.

**Is fannach: don toirnean gu rabhris ad mbeiridh**

4. *gamm* or *hruj'heer* *gan* *egith* *gan* *traocha*,

! In lara toize is tu ad fthoic mhór aodharach,

Laan de pomp is de bladmans an teadellse.

13) rotha triath agad damhsa 'sin go peirach, peacach,

‘Gannthe rch go meidhrach is taidhbhsí air tedan

6.6. bunlta mura is tu ad ghuaaire sgleipeach .

*Are immort'ls of isle an oige pleadhbreacht.*

**Síobla nua-ghnách na rabhuissi traochta**

A d'ighe an oar le hoi go haachtach,

14 mian kan duobu an struch "arm chaocha

1. Die Wunde ist erst am nächsten aneinander.

**In mo binnh mairh blaada do chaithis leat feinig,**

~~The~~ ~~several~~ ~~the~~ ~~more~~ ~~among~~ ~~this~~ ~~beach~~,

mañ g'o fann lag g'o loñ loñ g'heur ghlais,

... níg an do chodhail si agus beann aig aonne orm.

**• Learned Men**

'C. Eist a chlampaire 'ana labhair chomh daor san.  
 Ma chaithuinsi biadh 'measg cìar na fèile,  
 Is go noluinn a d'ìgh an oisda ma dhaochuin,  
 Nìor stopas tusa o chuimhdeach-taidhe naomhtha.

T. A deirim nach misde dhàmh radha go dtugais se teitheach,  
 An uair bhingsi air aighe mo leasa do dheanadh,  
 Le faoisidin beatha am pheacuidhe go leireach,  
 Nì leigfadh sa chum cìan me chlòidhe an eithig.

Da radha gan amhrus go raimh am mo dhaochuin,  
 Agamsa go foill chum iompodha air-naomhthacht,  
 Is o bhi Dia trocuireach gur eùr choir na'r bhaol dam,  
 Fuireach mar a bhios go crìch mo shaoгуill.

C. Madh bhios gan tuigsin gan chruineas na feirín,  
 Gan fios na d'fèireach ach am bhreillece bhreagach,  
 Cad e an chuis na rinnis si mise do staona  
 'Sgan leig ean dam chuige tusa do chaocha.

Na tuigeach aon duine gur mise do leuntu,  
 Nì me go deimhin ach do neamhshuim feinig,  
 Gan gradha do Dha na-lara air naomhthacht,  
 Ach ad Spaidaire mbarbh gan eagla air aon chur.

Ce go vfuir tu foluim chum-lavairt le heifeacht  
 Coadhailge is Laidion is anna chuid Bearta,  
 Nìor chortha leat chuige a goidheachta an tsaoguil  
 Bheith caine gach nduine nar chuman leat feia e.

Deirta go minic na'r mhisdadhait fein sin,  
 Bheith cònnatuch a bpeaca led ehlachta 'slead bhreathra,  
 Mar bhi eolus agad eam eaga na dheadh san,  
 Air Rìgh na naingiol chum tan-am do-shaora.

Ba unibhreach mer fhocalach an Ghuag tu treimhe  
 Aig tracht air t'fòdhlum is feabhus do threithe  
 Is tu san am san nibhfuit amhrus breige ann,

Air bhegan dìthne agad air ath-santa De ghil.  
 Da mhead e teolus is do mbar chuid bearta,  
 Nìor bhainis as chuige tuigsin na eifeacht,  
 Ba' anamh tu 'le talhniomh glaca an chuirp naomhtha,  
 Mar bheatha dod tanam chum a mhaithas do dheanadh.

'Deirim le fìrìne leat le brìghe agus eifeacht,  
 Gur maith do theillis go deimhin tu dhaora,  
 Mar duff do leasa nìor ghilacuis air aon chur  
 Ach fuireach ad spaidire gur gearag don tsuol tu.

Is danaoid go deimhin duit a chliire shladach,  
 Bheith ad spaidire mbarbh 'gan eagla De ort,  
 Gan aon duil agad a bheith carthanach naomhtha,  
 Ach bheith riamh mar dhall gach am a shaoгуil.

T. Nì beg dhuit a ndubhras a Lubra leuntach  
 Is croinn do cha inir air mo ghuimhartha sa le cheils.

Is ní thuigir chéim e do chuirpeacht feineach  
 Is níl mo do lochtuidhe na lochtuidhe gón neach.

Nach bocht an cas dam mbeith go brach a bpae,  
 Ad thaobh sa a chomhair shubhteach vragach,  
 Is me tuingteoir craite le ghrá-an son mhic.  
 A gcuideachta diabhail 'dnobh 'riamh dúlgeile.

Mo mhalacht go dtéir ort ort do thoillis go daor l,  
 A dtaobh me mbeith tréid chléasa dhun geile,  
 Dodphaisiis mbeillteach do thoill gach peim dam,  
 A nithfrion shios go sior am cheasa.

Chomh fada is bhéid Dia ar Dhu le mognil,  
 Beith trasagair mhó air buíle gan traocha,  
 Maiseoiracht mar dbeamhaist gach am air chella,  
 A deinate iithdmameasg toile tá daortha.

Beith do dha shuí dhalla chomh dearg 'sas feidir,  
 Is hior annta saibhir go trách le géir-nimh,

Beith plantacha teine rith ar do bheal sa,  
 Is plaituidhe nibe ad tithé 'sail roba,  
 Do cheann-no do obhligion air fícha le treine  
 Shios anso chuire 'stu air buile go haachtach.

Beith tu ceangulté go dulugion faoi gheibhion,  
 Air roistín dearg 'stu ad ghreais la peine.  
 Is deamhuin an 'Uachtair aig ad chluais a sgreacha,  
 Le buile na bpian 'agan' Díe dod reighiteach.

Beith iodhta tharta ort is do theanga 'muith geurghol,  
 Is gan deoch le fall agad uch domus daolais,  
 Níor thuillis a mhalairt aig chatamh do shaothill dúit,  
 Deonadh an peaca sa tabhairt masla don non mhac.

C. Is mo bliadhnín fhad a leagair me traobda,  
 Is cuirag me marbh a dtalamh fa leith lic.  
 Am dhreoidh mar rannalach go namu so glaothag me,  
 Chum céangal leat arís 'agan choi. Le tu threigan

Mo mhalacht le binib dun la rugag sa tsaothail me,  
 Mo mhalacht le buile do gach ndulne do chaoch me,  
 Am thairint sa bpaca do dheasga 'ndroith chlaonta  
 Is mo mhalacht dúit tugair chomh dona 'sas feidir,

Mo mhalacht anois for agus go deo le mognil.  
 Dum' Athair, agus dom' Mhathair, is gráin mhic De ortha,  
 Mur níor stopdar mise om chuirpeacht aochtach,  
 Na leagair mo leas nior thugadar e dhám.

Mo chreachgo doighte is mo bhron mor peine,  
 Nach am chloch noim mhalde chaitheas mo thearma,  
 Is mhalach anois am chonabluch bhreuntach,  
 A mhalacht go hionann measg tuile vesth daorha

T. A bhroic mbeillteach bhraicim anach sgleipeach,  
 Is gach do dhuilín anois is eist liom sgeal so,



Níor thuigis an amm má chaitla an méid sin,  
An peaca do sheachaint no gur leagag tu traochda.

Níl agam aon mhaill a bheith aig innsin sgealta,  
Eathfíod gabhail leatá arís 'sas dith liom fein sin,  
Chum dol go dí an ngleann na mbeith ann síocht Eva,  
Ait na faidh, ársi cead cainte air aon chur.

Taoibh res an ngleanne so gan amhras d'aon neach,  
Seadh shuighfe Chríost air mhaol an tsleibhe,  
Chum breith do thabhairt air pheacaig da ndaora,  
Agus na haithridhaig ro cheart go deo do shaora.

• Iompoig aigh go meillteach faobarach,  
Amach air na sluaidhte mor san Eva,  
Is dearfe leo le combachtá a naomhthacht,  
Cred e chuige na rineas don treud sa ?

Is mo ocras is uireasba dfulang me am shaothai dibh,  
Fuacht is fan is me am chraidha aige méirilig,  
Is tar eis a rineas dibh do rin sibh me threigin,  
Is m'atheanta go minic do bhrise is do raoba.

Do throisg me dathad le air fasach sleibhe,  
Gan bhlaigh gan deoch go bocht trokhl lag,  
Is tar eis mo charthanacht chum bhuir maithíosa dheanadh,  
Do ghaibh sibh res a ndiabhal 's mo riaghail si threig sibh.

Mo chorp agus m'anam d'faghbbhus aguibh a neineacht,  
Anso tsacramint glormhar go combachtach naomhtha,  
Mar ion d'ur nanama is beatha dho dheanadh,  
Is tar eis me chuivan dibh do rin sibh me threigin.

Is air bhuir soansa dfulan me gach peanuid da gheire,  
Me cheangal do púiloir a combair an tsagúil,  
Is mo chorp do gheara treasa air a oheile,  
Le sgiursaidhe cruas is me an thrua bhocht aomuir.

Feuchaig fós an chlodh air me gheugaibh,  
Do rineag go doimhin ortha le linn a gceachta,  
Am cheangal don gerois air sion-clann Eva,  
Is tar eis mo phianta mo riaghailbi sheum síkh.

Do sgioltíog mo ohroidhe go fior le-cac talcadh,  
Is mo seilidh slach, do cathag am-eadan,  
Is mo masla tugag dam la iomarca eithig,  
Is me go nochtulgaíthe air crocha air gheur chrois.

O se mo mhalacht do thoill sibh a chloidsidhe chaocha,  
Tabharfe me dibh i go fíochmhar fraochmhar,  
Go leanadh si bhuir ndiag go dian d'ur bpeine,  
Go deo, go deo, gan fíortham le saoguil.

Imidhig as mó rádharc is léigha is leun oruibh,

(• Christ, sitting as Judge, says what follows from the above  
stars.)

† Briat.



a barbarcaht, breaga, le sgreadacha glamuireach,  
ig spalpa go haochtach, le faor nimh ghanguideach  
's le blaidhman spreallareachd, meilteach, mhaslathach,  
ig meadh an Pheaca san do thoil leadh damuint doibh.

Och cho'n a nifrion go deo.

4. Is nios bhlongae-llom fein da mbeich cuortha dearga,  
a geathiomh an eadan gach meirdrioch barbartha.

Och cho'n ! is iad do losga na smol.

gach malluightheir daor dhubb 'ta seuntach seachantach,  
ir Riaghalacha an aon Mhic, go mbeich daol da straca lea.

Och cho'n ! gan aosa go deo :

bhfocuir gach dream ata dall air mearathal,  
o shiofuirg o L ——— r an bhuid shlach mhalathe  
gach meirlioch calcaighthe ata air sheirce ceanguiltte,  
ig an diabhal a nachran go doimhin sa bpeaca dhubb.

Och cho'n ! beid a nifrion go deo.

5. Ni fheicim sa tsaothair air aon taobh da nambarcaim,  
chd mallathacht eigin Craos is Cama Chilis.

Och cho'n agus peacuidhe go leor.

an gradha aco do Dhia, na do dntagacht bheannuighthe,  
ch iad imeacht leis a ndiaphal fa iarsmo paca vor

Och cho'n is oic e mar stor :

chd taidhbhal is geur chioc air eaduin gaigemhuil,  
maig se bheavers air maeiridhe smecartha dubh,  
le mo chas mo chreim, is mo phein go peanuideach,  
lidhe na paomb bheith fa ghame is mago aco.

Och cho'n ! beig buairt ortha fos.

6. Do chim gach caille bhean tiath agus iarbhus sheandaine,  
o daingion mirladhailte 'sgan, iara air a leas aco,

Och cho'n nach dona e mar sgeol :

ch iad go feargach faobhrach sa mbeal go heasguineach,  
ig tiomuint shaochtach creachta an leambh san

Och cho'n ! peanuid go leor.

na losga 'measg Daol faoi phein bhruid damanta,  
eig og is aosta do threig gach heanuidhthacht,  
far a ngtanfod go heag a bpearla o'n bpaca dubh  
re phala Mhic-De, 'sle dearaibh aithreachus,

Och cho'n ! ain orith air mo sgeol

## COMHAIRLE DON BPEACACH SAODHALTACH.

A dhuine bhocht auarach, ainnios dhall shaoiltach,  
ruaidhte, chalcaldhte pheacamhuil, pheucach,  
re ! fa na smuainir go fior cheart feuchtach,  
fa : ata tu ad naoid mhor alpe Righe na greachtalbh ?



Bheig a tannas so fas go' deata cheorthuim,  
 Mar a ndeandir an ghe' tre aithridhe naomhtha.  
 Ata agamsa truadh dhuit a dtaobh cruadhacht do mheime,  
 Mar an tuigist chun go gombeth an Breitheamh chomh daor san,  
 Air noma fairs Maithe eart na heaglaise norta,  
 Is gheobhas bas na Chatleloch fa thamuin De ghill.  
 Nisim duit los gan gho an-geant so:  
 Go ndeir beul glan Iosa le fior cheart-elfeachit,  
 Na rachais go Parthas fuot ghradam go raelloch,  
 Aon duine bheig marbh sa bpeaca uair euga.  
 O chruithig Dia thu go riadhailteach fein'tu,  
 Is go gcoimeadta dhlige le brigh tre naomhthacht  
 Tompuig de chul le smolt an tsaidhiseo,  
 Is iompug taghaidh air aboidhe air N. Spioraid:  
 Tabhair taitlinioch do chroidhe do Chriod na gceuchte,  
 Is do vathair bheanuithe gheanannach, ghleagal,  
 Sil feasta na dera le bròn trea' chlaonta,  
 Sa dtaobh a f'haid do bhia ad naoid aige ad hómhaio.  
 Gein mareana fada air gach peacad is geur bhruid,  
 Nar ghaibh Iosa Criosd trid dea shaoir.  
 Air fadhl cursa Phaise na Bheanaomhtha,  
 Air chrann na croise air na mnag e othma.  
 Cuimhnig go fior cheart an oidheche sul deng se,  
 Gur chur se allas a chroidhe trid na bhvaonabh,  
 Mar dheoraibh folá le cooharad thaobh sa,  
 Ce go bhfuil tu rianh gan chial da threigead.  
 Cuimhnig air fonnig an bploloir go creuchtu.  
 Is na Giudaigh fadla le feall gan traocha,  
 Da gheasa go forsach le cordaidhe caola,  
 No go raibh gach ortuch de na spola chraoige.  
 Is tar eis an chrioch-so thabhairt air Righ na naomhaibh,  
 A dtaobh do chionata so agus cionta an tsaidhiseo,  
 An fadir do chroidhe stig gan straela do is geile.  
 Agus eul do thabhairt feasta don bpeaca go neugair?  
 Cuimhnig air air Chriod duit da cheann,  
 Ceanguilt go lom dubh air a gerann le speicibh;  
 Is na sruthchain fola da norta air gach taobh de,  
 Is o cheart larr a chroidhe smolag trid le caol talach  
 O na bi gan chial na aige Diabhal ad bheuga!  
 Cad e an tairbhe dhuit chun go nman an tsaidhiseo,  
 O tu tu ad naoid dubh aige Righ na gceachtatth.  
 Is tu ceanguilt air shlabha aige Deamhuin trid chlaibh?  
 Mar a mpoir air Dhu s'aira Riaghlaiche naomhtha,  
 Is aithridhe umhal mhaith go dubhach do dheannamh,  
 Aneag na mlabhall faoi phian beir daortha,  
 Ad losga go brach is grain Mhic De ort.

## AN CHATHAL.

Thugaim éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

*Grain Phoca na Mórna agus na Drúis.*

Beir leat beir leat agus beir leat beir leat beir leat beir leat,  
Beir leat beir leat agus beir leat beir leat beir leat beir leat,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

A dhéanfaidh na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

A dhéanfaidh na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

A dhéanfaidh na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

Is níl na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,  
Eagla a n-éirí na fear chail air air chail Anach go hiontach,

• Devil.

a dteanga nimhe mhaslathach na lasareacha buile marchaeor go  
 fior,  
 I dtaobh gach tarcuine go malluighthe fúair an Leanabh san  
 dfulang bas 'nar dtaoibh,  
 Is a spalpa leo go sganalach tabhairt atha do, is da phais a  
 agnionmh.

Luacht Pais naombtha Iosa,  
 'Is fos taidhlicidhe an Naomh Spioraid,  
 'Sna Bhanaltra gheal chaoin tair,  
 'Sna Flaithis bhreodha noibhin,  
 Do spalpuid an Naoid seo  
 'Nabhfúill a dteanga go lloimhtha,  
 Chum maola tabhairt do Iosa,  
 D'fhulang Barda saotra.

Iníomh níos measa na maola tabhairt d'ainm De 'ada Phais,  
 I feidir a cheapa air talamh, na a nífrienn shíos go brach,  
 'Mí son teanga do spalpa le combachta Chríod na ngras,  
 Is tuilleán peanuidibh níos damanta na an díabhal.

A dhaoine dena anacrach,  
 Na bigidhe sí air mearathal,  
 Tabhairt uathas sgannail ualbh,  
 Le míonnuidhe mora is easguinne,  
 Cuirag sí an le bhar dteanga nois,  
 Is na tuillig sí bheith damanta.  
 Do dheasga bhar malluightheach,  
 Is mead bhar mainnise

Is sí bhíon air na daoine sin ta brúilighthe breun na ngíor,  
 Is barbuireacht shlach sganalach, is breartha bruid go leor,  
 Is da mágá súil go cealgach da sheanchus améag aoda is og,  
 Is a gíleachadar do mhéilítheachd tríd an bpeaca san na  
 meinn a doigh.

O a bharuidibh bharbaraighthe,  
 Dhruiseach shlach mhalluighthe,  
 Ta grain mhic De sa Bhanaltra,  
 Is na Maighdeanacha glan-geanamaach,  
 Is gach dream eile a Bharathas  
 Anuas oruibh-leacuidthe,  
 Mar dhiultas díbh ceapighthe,  
 Le haghaidh bhar ndamanta.

doigh go síor bheig na daoine sin thugan faithníomh don druid  
 na mbíon a mbéul slach gairgeach faighil súil sgannail sa  
 chúis

agus mallachd daer-Chríod is na Naomh ata a gceanas go su-  
 gach,  
 Is eigh ortha go hiochtarach is iad shíos anso chúir go dubhach.

Beirfead an t-athair na n-athair.  
 Do : secht na cruinní gann,  
 Is na h-athairíocht na h-athairíocht.  
 Do dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Seirí dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Seirí dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Seirí dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Seirí dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

AN CHANNAIL.

Mallacht Do na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Beirfead an t-athair na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Anon dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Aige Ríth na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

This Song is adapted to the air of "Gals Linn, or The Broom  
 of Edinburgh."

1. Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Do dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.  
 Do dhéanfaid na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

2. A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

3. A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 A Ríth dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht,  
 Is fada dhá na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht na n-athairíocht.

Do dhéanfaid

† Mansion.

‡ Good.



- abhair me leat aig deighilt na gcliar ad shuilde, la na gereach,  
air Shleacht Adhamh is Eve, or mbreach air a mbuidhean  
do bhris go cuthach do riadhail cheart gan gho,  
mhic gradhmhar is aile da dtairig o'geinag stol mo dhianghean  
go brach tu a' Gheir Mhaire gan smoit.
4. A Mhaighdion mhilis neuta gan aon lucht o'd toige, a  
Sgaothain ghil mar Raelion gan ealing ad ghnuis,  
pheurla ghloir le naomhachacht gan beim locht ad mhordhacht,  
sa Gheir sgóth na ngaothail bhocht chum ple dhoibh ad  
chuir,
- Ion mo chroidhe le searo mar Naomh, le guidhe do shior chum  
Righ na gcreiche, do' Iosaí Criosd do shí gach brán da ghlé  
chais gan smoit.
5. gradh ceart do shíol Adam do bhl badhte le peaca Eve, don  
sarr f buil do thraig thrid mar lán foc' nar géuis.
6. Is tairhniomach Níom tu mar shear air uair chubha na  
mbreach dheanach, air Adám an peaca chumbad gan  
bhron trid go deo,
7. a bhrighe go bhíull gear le duthrachd agam do mhuinteachd,  
dod naomhachd, dod umhuidheacht, dod threithe, is do  
neatach do chat,
8. tholg me thu mar Chuman. Croidhe chum dlidhe do Mhic do  
chuir na n'hiomb, is do choimead, a'ois le hiomad bridhe go  
sior cheart gach lo,
9. go sidheach gear bl taoibh liom air chriochna mo bheatha fos,  
is beir saor me o gach thóist go Ríoghéacht deas na gcomh-  
achd.

### AN DIES IRÆ.

La na féirge, le na'geóible,  
Deunfe an domhan ná iusthre sgaoile,  
Teasdas Dhabhi res na Sible.  
Ca mhead anuoin agus albineart,  
Nuair thóise nuair an Breitheamh éart,  
Aig mionsgrada gach uile éheart.  
Deunfe Trompe an ghloir a'bhheil,†  
Cuanluga air naibhneil gach deáneul,  
A glaoch chum Throin† gach aon chineul.  
Sganroigh an Bas res an naduir,  
An naiseiridhe do gach creatúr.  
Aig an mbeithionn da' chur fa stiur.  
Tabharfar anuas Leabhar égríobhta,  
Ionc ruidil go leir liomhtha,  
Gach a ndeara um Domhan triotha.

\* Satisfaction.

† Wonderful.

‡ Throne.

Tan chaidhag síos an Giandis gh,  
Eachaidhe 'ta ceithe chaidhag e,  
Deanfe eiric air na Beartaibh clo.

Cred deamhoda, an traidhman faon ?  
Ce'n taidhbhoid air a aglaodhaid fein ?  
O's freigion d'asaidhe dom vhoron.

A Righe 'nar beabhan do Mhorgail,  
Do shaoran iad bhion naomhtha 'gcail,  
Thobair Chrabha, dein me shabhaik

Smauinaig tusa, O Iosa chaomh,  
Na'r shulangaiois bas ach dom thaobh,  
Uch, la an chruadhain ! bi liom seikh.

Am lorga-do bhis go treith,  
Is air an gceois do shaorais me,  
Luacht do shaothair na'r cailltior e,

A Ghiustis chirt an mhór-dhaoirse,  
Dein dom brontanus na saoirre,  
Riomh, la cuntais an mo Mhaoirse.

Deinim osaidhe mar churthach traidh,  
Cuirid mo chionta lasa'm ghruadh,  
Eisd le m'impidhe a Righ na bnaidh.

Traith mhaithis peacaidhe Mhagh-dilein,  
Is d'eisdis glór an Ghaidhe fein,  
Thugais adhbhar dochuis damhsa fein.

M'urnuighthe ní vfuillid fudhanta,  
Ach dod mhaithreas faighaim lámh chunta,  
'Dintibh stóruidhe na bpeinn dunta,

Ameasg na Gcaoreach dein dom slidhe,  
Is o's na Mionain deighil me eoidhe  
Dod dheas laimh fein leig me a Righe,

D'els na malatheoidhe dhaora,  
Tiomanta go tintibh geura,  
Glaodhaig me ehum na ndaone saora,

Guidhmid tu go ro umhal sleuchta,  
Croidhe brudhte mar luathre spreuchta,  
Uair mo bhais na fag me traochta.

Is dubhaob 'sas deoir-fhlíueh an la e,  
An uair aiseidhreois as an gere,  
Chum an choiste duine clontach.

Saor go seibh e o Dhia bhrontach.  
Tabhair dhoibh, Iosa, Thiarra-chrabha,  
Susimneas slor ad Theadhlaich neamhdha,

Amen.

*The following Songs were composed by the Corrector and Editor of this little Book, which he adds to the Irish Composition, expecting some persons to benefit by them. They are much preferable to Ballad Songs, which chiefly treat of impure and disedifying subjects.*

*This Song was composed for the Singing Girls who sang for some time the Praises of God; but thro' want of real fervor, deserted the Choir in order to sing other Songs among Worldlings.*

I fear you maidens who're now forsaking,

Your loving Jesus thro' levity,

Will grieve at leisure and regret truly,

For now refusing our company;

If you now prefer this world deluded,

And sensual courtships t'our harmony,

Your sad election will prove most rueful,

And still no cure for your malady.

Those foolish pleasures you're now embracing,

Will soon deceive you with vanity,

And throw you headlong thro' many dangers,

And no escaping your destiny:

Amidst your troubles you'll call to Jesus,

To extricate you immediately;

As you forsook him for baubles painted,

From those vexations he'll never you free.

When all those phantoms which now allure you,

Excite and move you so constantly,

To join in wedlock with gallants foolish,

Who will seduce you by flattery;

From hence your pleasures will seldom come you,

But leave you truly in misery,

Your brawling children will not amuse you,

But mew about you incessantly.

When death and judgment at length approach you,

And you cajol'd by the enemy,

Your soul in terror with fearful groanings,

Alas! deploring your peridy.

Your loving Jesus you're now forsaking,

Will judge your treasons impartially,

The blessed Virgin will not then save you,

As you deceiv'd her by fallacy.

All those disasters will still assail you,

If you recede now unfaithfully

From those young Virgins whose love encrease,

For their sweet Jesus so fervently;

Renounce those pleasures so full of dangers,  
 And always evade the company  
 Of lads and lasses who may deceive you,  
 From all those fates then you will get free..  
 If this my counsel do now not please you,  
 But still to embrace the contrary,  
 Your choice, so certain as God is gracious,  
 Will always plague you interiorly ;  
 As you're infected with rust so hateful,  
 And would not take a remedy,  
 Those happy Virgins whose love is Jesus,  
 Now bid you farewell eternally.  
 You mild young Virgins whose love is faithful,  
 In loving Jesus so tenderly,  
 In glowing raptures of love like angels,  
 Sound forth his praises with ardency.  
 For all those blessings he gives you daily,  
 To preserve safely your chastity,  
 That Golden treasure those foolish maidens,  
 Are throwing away now for vanity.

### *On the Vanity of the World.*

ALAS! dear Christians, who are far away  
 From the path of heaven from which you stray,  
 What can you profit by all you see,  
 And love in this world but Vanity.  
 God who created you, you should have sought,  
 For he most dearly your souls has bought  
 With his Son's blood on a mortal tree,  
 For which you should ne'er love Vanity.  
 All you blind worldlings what can you find,  
 In all you love now in heart and mind,  
 But a troubl'd conscience so frequently,  
 While all your fancies are Vanity.  
 Each vice you practice to hoary age,  
 As drinking, cursing, and fiery rage,  
 With rude expressions so naughtily,  
 Are all the offsprings of Vanity.  
 Oh! merciful God, how can you bear,  
 With those vile sinners who do not fear,  
 Insult your honor, and then to flee  
 On Satan's banner, through Vanity,

Those wicked habits which time conveys;  
And strongly sanction'd by pride these days,  
We should abandon, and sorry be,  
For being in love with such Vanity.

You Christian maidens who have expos'd  
Your curling tresses in papers clos'd,  
Renounce those follies, be wise and see,  
They're surely symptoms of Vanity.

Some other fixtures I will not name,  
Ye use as fashions to gain you fame,  
These foolish fancies you show too free,  
Have expos'd to all your Vanity.

Can you, dear Christians, enjoy much peace,  
Amidst those follies devoid of grace;  
Those outward glories most certainly,  
Are condemn'd by Christ as Vanity.

No champion Christians of godly deeds,  
Would feed their fancies with filthy seeds  
Of worldly fashions which frequently  
Provoke the passions to Vanity.

Be you now certain you don't adore  
The King of Heaven, when you implore,  
While your thoughts are fix'd so constantly,  
On worldly comforts and Vanity.

Adieu, dear Christians, I'll say no more,  
Reflect at leisure, and view the score  
Of your bad habits, by which you see,  
You swear'd from Jesus thro' Vanity.

This Song is adapted to the air of "*The Flowers of Edinburgh*."

O my dear Jesus! how late have I known thee,  
My treasons depriv'd me and bereft me of sight,  
I wander'd thro' places most heinous, abjuring  
The rules of salvation and the maxims of light.

If I could from hence my sins bewail,  
And truly repent and spend my days  
In loving thee and be sincere  
To praise thee and adore.

Now my sweet saviour, receive and renew me,  
Thro' thy mercy and graces, with zeal I implore,  
Who but a traitor could forsake and disown thee,  
If he consider'd daily how dearly he was bought?  
In thy painful agony that tortur'd thee extremely,  
When sorrows did seize thee, and really thee brought

Thy precious blood thro' every part  
 Of thy tender body to smart by force,  
 And trickling down in clothed goss,  
 On the ground to be seen,  
 In streams then congealing, and then bathed all over,  
 In thy purple raiment which wou'd then the green.  
 Now I'll trace thee my Jesus, thro' the stages succeeding,  
 And ponder with serious how great was thy love,  
 For those that scorn'd thee, and took to disdainful,  
 On thy sufferings so painful, then placing above,  
 O! what heart so hard in vice  
 Could not but feel for thee when tied,  
 And dragg'd along like a lamb so mild  
 To be slaughtered by those  
 Who seized thee in the Garden and haul'd thee so hasty  
 To Annas and Caiaphas, their charge to disclose.  
 There thou wast abused and cruelly maltreated,  
 After scoffing thee inhumanly and muffling thy face,  
 From this they removed thee to Pilate and Herod,  
 Showing without ceasing, not pitying thy case.  
 No tongue could ever express  
 The excessive pains which thee oppress'd,  
 When thou wast bound to a pillar fast,  
 By thy tyrannic foes,  
 And those miscreants so hateful, beating thee without reprieve,  
 Till they cut thee severely they flay'd thee so close.  
 All you lovers of Jesus, I pray now behold him,  
 With his purple blood streaming from his new naked sores,  
 His body quite weary and really exhausted,  
 They loaded him then scornfully to draw again his gores,  
 Then they press'd on his head a wreath  
 Of sharp long thorns which caused much pains,  
 And fix'd in his hands a rod or cane,  
 In his face then they spewed  
 Their phlegms which so basely defac'd all its beauty,  
 And yet to salute him they rudely then bow'd.  
 After disgorging their thick phlegms so nauseous  
 In the face of my Darling, they all then agreed,  
 To nail him most barbarous on a long tree with scorn,  
 And then to exalt him, his heart's blood to bleed;  
 That hard wood they did procure,  
 Which he did bear on his painful wounds,  
 To Calvary Mount, and he lay swooning  
 Falling on the roads,

And these tygers still tearing and beating him with clubs and pikes,

And piercing him severely with sharp pointed goads.

When his journey was over, in this doleful situation,

They fasten'd him with gross nails to the load he did bear,

And rais'd him by ropes up as a show to spectators,

And he for those slaying him offering his prayers ;

They pierc'd his heart with a lance by force,

And made in his side so wide a wound,

That his precious blood then gush'd in gores,

To save and restore

Those creatures who forsake him for vain trash which deceives !

Now dear Jesus receive me, I'll forsake thee no more.

*This Song is adapted to the air of " Seadhan  
" O Daoir an Ghileana."*

Hail thou, O glorious Virgin ! our life, our hope for ever,

Our sweetness, joy and pleasure in this vale of woes,

Our refuge in distresses, our comfort in oppressions,

Our Mother to redress us, and save us from foes.

Relieve those banish'd children who're grovelling on so sinful

In the mire black and filthy, and nauseously mean ;

Pray for them, poor sinners ! thro' tender love and pity,

Reclaim them from being vicious and haughtily vain.

Hail thou, O Virgin Mother of Christ the King of heaven !

Who shed his blood and suffer'd for the offspring of Eve,

Queen of the choirs celestial, ever most good and clement,

To plead for us poor beggars who call for relief.

Our sighs we send with fervour to thee, with grief internal,

Craving for thy protection to guard us with care ;

Refuse us not thy blessing, O Lady, source of virtues !

And be to us a refuge in danger and fear.

Hail, Lady pure and lustrous, modest, mild and virtuous,

Humble, chaste, and spotless, and holy always,

I pray thee now, dear Virgin, to guide, and guard, and love us,

And save us from these troubles that sorely us tease.

Obtain for us a blessing, pardon our transgressions,

And grace to make us fervent, and holy to rise

From vile and sinful habits, that blind and keep us sordid,

And ty'd to all those follies that make us unwise.

Hail, thou fountain more limpid than the clearest crystal,

And much sweeter than honey flowing down with grace

In the souls of those Christians, who are piously living,

And now wisely repenting their faults to efface,

Those cordial streams are precious, which spring from thee, most luscious,

To change, repair, and nourish, and warm them in zeal,  
And unife them in spirit with the holy choirs in heaven,  
Help me with them, dear Virgin, who always am frail.

O dear and beloved Virgin! I fly to thy protection,  
Guide me with pure affection to walk in thy ways;  
Teach me to be most zealous, humble, chaste, and virtuous,  
And loving thee for ever, extolling thy praise.  
And in thy holy service keep me at all times fervent,  
And guard me from the Serpent, the father of lies:  
Be thou to me a refuge, most kind and free to help me,  
And grant me now a blessing and call me from vice.

### *A New Song, called the IRISH RAKE.*

Adapted to the air of the "Flowers of Edinburgh," which is very applicable to the life of a profligate drunkard.

I'm a poor old sinner that spent my youth most foolish,  
Cursing, rippling, courting, and seducing young folks;  
Like a rake I squander'd my fortune so profusely,  
Among those Irish Boozers that humour'd my jokes,  
In my drunken fits I did express  
Much filthy words to great excess;  
All divine laws I did transgress, to please and uphold,  
Concupiscence so brutishly, which deluded me with crafty schemes,  
That lur'd me impurely, and me truly cajol'd.

After my night's boozing, to recruit me in the morning,  
I drank some whiskey cordial to wash down my sores,  
I skipp'd about and rambl'd with frolicsome young jokers,  
Gambling, quarrelling, sporting, renewing my sinful course,  
Thus I spent my precious time,  
Inn'd to error and led by vice  
Till I got married to an honest wife, most pleasing I own,  
Tho' I abus'd her so inhuman when she rebuk'd me to serve me,  
And most cruelly mauled her, which caused her to groan.

This course I had follow'd 'till in years I grew hoary,  
Like a sottish old-topper, bewitched by my faults,  
Cursing most constantly and horribly blaspheming,  
Abusing my Creator by deeds and by thoughts;  
Then my callous heart was hard in vice,  
Debauch'd by drink and linked in crimes,  
Which made me stiff and full of pride deriding those laws  
Which the Saviour of all nations proclaim'd in his virtuous life,  
To save us from damnation and favour our cause.



My stock then being all lavish'd, my tatter'd clothes all worn,  
 My wife and children moaning in a doleful poor state,  
 I skulk'd about and scamper'd like a vagabond most odious,  
 All my friends in the drinking line,  
 Seeing me bare of fare in life,  
 And my money gone among such kind, refusing to aid  
 Or console me in my dolours, but reproach me in a frantic voice,  
 Which provoked me most sorely, and forced me to plead.

During my life so profligate, I scandalously acced'd  
 To every vice most heinous that tainted my soul;  
 From all pious works of charity and the ardent love of Jesus,  
 I wantonly receded neglecting the whole,

My horrid sins I ne'er confessed  
 To a holy Priest, to make me bless'd,  
 And heal the sores that gore my breast and leave me in woe,  
 But most constantly refusing the abjuring of my evil ways,  
 'Till now, when the years have drooped me, and stoop'd me so  
 low,

O God of boundless goodness, and most tender loving Jesus !  
 Who shed your blood to save me, and pay for my faults,  
 With contrite heart most fervent, for thy mercy I do crave now,  
 To pardon me my treasons and mean filthy thoughts ;

I hope my prayer you'll not reject,  
 For being so late, when I reflect  
 On my horrid crimes, which I detest, and grieve now for all,  
 But reclaim me by your graces, and restrain me from every vice,  
 And save me from temptations that occasion my fall.

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*This Song represents a Dialogue between Jesus and  
 a young Virgin Lover.*

**LOVER.**—O'good and loving Jesus prepare me for your blessed  
 Court,  
 Forget my sinful treasons, against these frailties be my support ;  
 Fountain of all sweet graces, I mean now in my tender youth,  
 To provide for my salvation, and earnestly seek the truth.

**JESUS.**—As you're a young virgin maiden, and mean now to  
 seek and choose,  
 The surest path to save you, and really hence be my spouse,  
 Be modest, mild and gracious, with a chaste heart most clean  
 and pure,  
 Unspotted like an angel, your salvation will then be sure.

**L.** To live pure amidst temptations, O Jesus ! 'tis hard I own,  
 The flesh so often tempts and inflames us to what 'tis prone,

Unless you give me strength and graces, and make me fit, that so,  
I may have pow'r then to trample and vanquish that mortal foe.

J. My darling young pure maiden, if you take me with heart  
and mind,  
To be your spouse in future, I'll prove to you both good and kind,  
I'll give you in truth my graces, and make you my soul's delight,  
And love you hence sincerely, and never leave you from my  
sight.

L. To you I mean to cleave now, tho' my parents me oft  
reyled,  
Saying, I'll be poor in future, without true help from man or  
child,  
But I hope you'll not forsake me, nor leave me like sinners  
blind,  
Seeking for help 'mong creatures, where it really they ne'er can  
find.

J. I will stand by you my darling, and call me to be your guide,  
And I promise you at all times, I'll answer if you confide;  
I will not e'er forsake you, my dear fair one so pure and mild,  
But bless you with my graces, and treat you as my loving child:  
To heavenly joys I will lead you, where with angels you can sport,  
Among those spotless virgin maidens, the fairest in my holy  
court,  
If you give now your chaste heart, and leave me it evermore,  
And keep it pure in future, improving it with blessed store.

L. Your promise can't be false or fruitless, I'm sure you tell  
no lie,  
If I take you as my true spouse, me with food you will supply,  
O lover of chaste maidens, most gracious to them, and truly  
kind,  
I hope you'll not forsake me, I'll cleave to you with heart and  
mind.

J. Believe me still, dear fair one, no mortal creature could ex-  
plore,  
The joy you'll have for ages, with angels and the Virgin Corps.  
Enraptur'd in love unceasing, and inflamed by ardent force,  
Singing ALLELUIAS and new songs in eternal course.

---

*The Yoke of God is sweet to his true Lovers.*

How sweet is the service of Jesus,  
When the pleasures of earth we abjure;  
And draw our affections from creatures,  
To make our salvation secure;

Blind worldlings can never conceive this,  
While their hearts are ensnar'd and seduc'd  
By all those vile baubles so heinous,  
Which Satan has daily produced.

What can this poor vile world afford us,  
After our exploring it round,  
But sorrows and crosses all over,  
And follies that sorely confound ;  
The joys we see there are phantoms,  
The riches we seek there are snares,  
Nothing can scarcely be seen there  
But chaff and the seed of blind tares.

All you that are heavily laden  
With the troubles and pains of this life,  
Which threw you into ruinous temptations,  
And your conscience kept daily in strife !

Draw near to your sweet loving Jesus,  
Repent for your treasons with tears,  
And Christ will anoint you with graces,  
And free you from dangers and fears.

When the service of God, I assure you,  
You lovingly choose and embrace,  
You'll find comforts most solid, not spurious,  
To redress and recruit you with ease ;  
No tongue could express all the favors  
Your heav'nly Saviour will bestow  
To you when you come to his table,  
Where the bread of his angels he'll show.

When the enemy comes to assault you,  
Striving to recall you to vice,  
Your blessed Redeemer will guard you,  
And drive off the author of lies ;  
He'll protect you for ever from dangers,  
If you love him sincerely with joy,  
And feed you so sweetly with graces,  
That the serpent may ne'er you destroy.

You lovers who love our Creator,  
In love without ceasing be tied,  
Thro' love for your lovingly Jesus,  
Who for love of his creatures has died  
He'll love you, and never forsake you,  
And in your interior he'll be,  
If you love and serve him sincerely,  
He will from all dangers you free.

## ON PRIDE.

*Adapted to the air of "Castle-Hyde."*

All you dear Christians who seek salvation,  
Renounce with hatred the sin of Pride,  
A vice so horrid which brought on angels,  
A curse severely in hell fast tied,  
And drew misfortune on our first parents,  
And drove them really from paradise,  
And left their offspring, in all past ages,  
In grief bewailing their fate with sighs.

This pride most wicked has destroy'd nations,  
And kept poor creatures fast tied in yokes,  
And blinded sinners from seeing their treasons,  
While 'tis prevailing among their jokes;  
In worldly honors and lofty stations,  
With tawdry ladies and flippant beaus,  
It dwells most constant, and draws damnation  
On them deceasing with hellish woes.

I'm truly sorry to have to say now,  
That Pride has tainted with stains of vice,  
Some devout Christians who lived so neatly,  
And appeared zealous to mortal eyes,  
And then abandon'd the cross of Jesus,  
And became freakish in pompous crimes;  
Those worldly comforts then deceive them,  
And left them raking in mean pastimes,

Pride is a vicious and cunning traitor,  
Who puffs with greatness the sinner's soul,  
And fills his manner with many changes  
That make him airy and very droll,  
On poor poverty it looks disdainful,  
And rejects those creatures under yokes,  
When swell'd with honor and deck'd up neatly,  
Among those rakish and foppish folks.

All you dear Christians who serve sweet Jesus,  
Be always wareful of saucy pride,  
Be meek and humble and truly zealous,  
In love be faithful and ever tied:  
Reject those fashions that foppish creatures  
Have practised daily in sinful crimes,  
void being talking among your neighbours,  
'Tis surely painful at many times.

## THE POOR MAN'S TRAGEDY.

*Adapted to the air of the last Song, and to the change of the present times.*

1. One evening as I was musing on the deluded poor creatures  
Bewitch'd and beleaguér'd in this nation all round,  
Deprived and that willingly, of that liberty so pleasing  
Which in the service of sweet Jesus can really be found.

I viewed in thought the enormous crimes,  
That now abound these horrid times,  
Among each clan of every tribe,  
From the high to the low,

Thro' the abusing, and adjuring of those truths which our Saviour  
Announced and revealed to us, to save us from woe.

2. Among the noble Gentry, and the pompous sort of great  
ones,

What cruelty so impetuous, which reigns in their laws,  
Oppressing so inhumanly the Poor with vexation,  
With tyrannic treatment without reason or cause,

Beggaring them with rents and rates,  
And seizing then their goods in haste ;  
Exposing them to public sale,  
To support that stile their pride.

By this bantering and cheating, so painful and direful  
To the poor clan of Erin, who are daily annoyed.

3. I next fixed my views on these innumerable species  
Of Religion and zealots prevailing these times,  
In this island which antiently was like the paradise of angels,  
When godliness and equity did equally chime ;

Now 'tis turning with an evil kind,  
Of every sect that step'd aside,  
From their mother church thro' lust and pride,  
To strive still to explode,

The rudiments of her purity; tho' truly conspicuous  
To all her good people and the de'il's hissing brood.

4. My reflections thus expans'd, I ponder'd on those traitors,  
The vile dregs of Erin and the real dust of weeds,  
Who are fighting and quarrelling and robbing their neighbours,  
And seducing them daily by mean filthy deeds ;

Then I saw how those darnel seeds,  
Gave too much cause to call them thieves,

And asperse our Church which nurs'd such de'il's that flee from  
her rules,  
Infringing and abusing the rules she has taught them,  
Not heeding her cautions but sauntering like fools.

5. Then I viewed those real fops and fair sex so haughty,  
 Ensnar'd by old Satan in the broad pleasant road,  
 In their fashions and dresses so clever and tawdry,  
 With their fixtures and forms in a gaudy like mode.

I grieve to tell they are deaf to Christ,  
 For the de'il has call'd them to serve as bites,  
 To fish for man in the pond or tide,  
 Where vice is the shore,

To hook, with his crook, in on the putrid dire harbour,  
 Among the Cupids of false love and all the damn'd corps.

6. As I was then concluding my views of poor EIRE,  
 Two other sets of traitors I lately espied,  
 Filthy, sottish drunkards and a horrid clan of swearers,  
 Satan's true vicegerents and his agents besides;

These and all those naughty tribes,  
 Have fill'd the cup with the curse of Christ,  
 To pour on them at length of time,  
 Then the dire scrubs shall groan,

Bewailing without ceasing their fates then so cruel,  
 And the follies that lured them to choose them alone.

FINIS.

## Instructions for reading this Miscellany.

DEAR READER,

Perhaps you may find some difficulty in reading this Book, on account of the aspirated letters, that is, when the letter *h* is annexed to them. In order to facilitate such difficulty to you, I have, in the following Remarks, explained, by a few examples, how you are to pronounce such words or syllables as have been aspirated by the addition of *h*.—viz.

1. Remark, when *h* is annexed to *b*, it sounds like *v* : as, “a bheul,” his mouth ; “a bhata,” his stick ; “a bhrat,” his cover, &c.

2. When *h* is annexed to *d*, it sounds like *y* : as, “a dhorus,” his door ; “a dhorn,” his fist ; “a Dhiarmuid,” O Jeremiah, &c.

3. When *h* is annexed to *f*, it has no sound : as, “a fhir,” O man ; “a fhaine,” his ring, &c.

4. When *h* is annexed to *g*, it has frequently a guttural sound : as, “a ghardin,” his garden ; and sometimes it is mute, as, “an Righ,” the King.

5. When *h* is annexed to *m* it sometimes sounds like *v* : as, “a mhart,” his beef, “a mhuineal,” his neck : it has the sound of *w*, as in “namhuid,” enemy.

6. When *h* is annexed to *p*, it sounds like *f* : as, “a pheaca,” his sin ; “a phog,” his kiss ; “a phaidrin,” his beads, &c.

7. When *h* is annexed to *s*, it sounds like *h* : as, “a shuil,” his eye ; “a sheun,” his happiness, &c.

8. When *h* is annexed to *t*, it sounds like *h* also : as “a thir,” his land ; “thuarasdat,” his wages, &c.

When the following consonants meet together in the beginning of a word or syllable, the second is eclipsed by the first—thus:—

Ar mbron, our sorrow ; ar mbosga, our box, &c.

Ar gcrann, our tree ; ar gcíos, our rent, &c.

Ar ndúil, our desire ; ar ndórus, our door, &c.

Ar bhfuil, our blood ; ar bhfiactail, our tooth, &c.

Ar bport, our bank ; ar bpoca, our pocket, &c.

Ar dteach, our house ; ar dturus, our pilgrimage.

&c. A Cseaghain, () John, &c.

#### OF THE VOWELS.

When *ao* meet together they sound like *e* in English : as “ Naomh,” a Saint ; “ caol,” slender, &c.

When *ai* meet together they sound like *ee* in English : as, “ Naoimh,” Saints ; “ bhois,” folly, &c.

When *ai* meet together, they sound like “ faiseg,” squeeze ; “ fáil,” a heel, &c.

As to the sound of the other vowels when they meet, they mostly sound as they do in English ; but sometimes short and sometimes long, as occasion requires. When they have a long sound, there is generally a little stroke, called aspiration, placed over them in some Irish books : as, for example—“ do ghearas mo mhéur,” I cut my finger, “ do bhuail me Tomás,” I beat Thomas, &c.

I think there is no occasion to say any more here concerning these little remarks. If the learner desires to acquire a better knowledge of the Irish, let him get a good Irish Grammar, which may give him a copious information of the rudiments and Spelling rules of the Language. It is there he can satisfy his desire and gratify his curiosity.





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